

JANUARY 18, 1988

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TIME

Trying to Tame
Wall Street

After the
triumphs
of *Evita*
and *Cats*,
Andrew Lloyd
Webber brings
Phantom
to Broadway

Magician
Of the
Musical



03

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COVER: Andrew Lloyd Webber brings his smash *Phantom* to Broadway 54

The British composer of *Evita* and *Cats* has his biggest hit yet in *Phantom*, which opens Jan. 26 after an all-time-record advance sale. With his shows playing from Budapest to Tokyo, Lloyd Webber, 39, presides over a musical empire that brings him more than \$1 million a month (though not always critical acceptance) and is making him a superstar. See **SHOW BUSINESS**.



NATION: Is this a wimp? George Bush brawls with critics at an Iowa debate 16

Under fire for his role in Intransigent, the Vice President proves he is a candidate of rough-and-tumble as well as résumé. ▶ It's "Fat Boy" vs. "The Dirty Digger" as Ted Kennedy lands a sneak punch on Rupert Murdoch. ▶ An FBI agent describes five years undercover in the Mafia. ▶ Why is Al Haig running for President? To prove, in part, "I'm not the ogre people thought."



BUSINESS: A stock dive gives impetus to a call for sweeping market reforms 44

In a case of remarkably appropriate timing, a presidential commission recommends bold regulatory action to prevent a recurrence of Black Monday just as the Dow Jones industrial average falls more than 140 points, its second worst day since the crash. ▶ On world currency markets, the dollar moves in a startling new direction: upward. ▶ GM wows 'em at the Waldorf.



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World

The U.S. war against Latin drug lords rages on. ▶ Israeli expulsions spark new riots. ▶ Moscow looks for the Afghanistan exit.

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A dramatic oil spill in Pennsylvania's Monongahela River cuts off drinking water supplies and threatens communities along the Ohio.

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Rheumatic fever is making a mysterious comeback, striking down children and confounding unwary parents and doctors.

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California's Lawrence Livermore laboratory is rocked by charges that lab scientists have misled the President on Star Wars weaponry.

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After a bleak year of layoffs, dissension and a disappearing anchor, CBS News is suddenly on the offensive once again.

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Burt Reynolds and Molly Ringwald try for comebacks, but only Daffy Duck is back in style. ▶ Moviegoers chafe at the \$7 ticket.

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Living

Looking for an exotic vacation spot? Try a package tour to the Socialist Republic of Viet Nam, now leaving from San Francisco.

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Essay

One makes us smile, but the menace of the other casts a chill. A confident society cherishes its eccentrics but is wary of its weirdos.

Cover:
Photograph by
Albert Watson

A Letter from the Publisher

Oklahoma! *My Fair Lady*. *Funny Girl*. *Follies*. Almost everyone loves a Broadway musical, and TIME is no exception; over the years we have featured these and a dozen other productions and their creators and stars on our cover. This week we are at it again, with a profile of British Composer Andrew Lloyd Webber, whose *The Phantom of the Opera* opens later this month to the largest advance-ticket sales in Broadway history. "Phantom is more than a show," says Senior Editor Christopher Porterfield, who edited the story. "Like Lloyd Webber himself, it's an international phenomenon. We set out to find the secret behind all this excitement."

TIME has posed that question about many runaway hits and hitmakers over the years. We asked it of Lyricist Oscar Hammerstein, who appeared on our cover in 1947, when he and his partner, Composer Richard Rodgers, had five shows, including their musicals *Oklahoma!* and *Allegro*, playing on Broadway. (For all his popularity, Hammerstein had a yearly income of \$500,000—roughly half of Lloyd Webber's present monthly royalties.) We wrote then that Hammerstein's words "carry a gentle insight and a sentimental catch in the throat to millions of people who are only dimly aware of his name." Within a de-



Broadway blockbusters: *My Fair Lady* and *Superstar*

cade, though, such sentimentality had given way to a more hard-edged style. In a 1960 cover article on Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe (*Brigadoon*, *My Fair Lady*, *Camelot*), we approvingly likened the best of Lerner's lyrics to "expertly cut glass."

Lloyd Webber's pioneering smash hit *Jesus Christ Superstar* wedded the manic energy of rock 'n' roll to the musical theater, and appeared on our cover in 1971. Associate Editor Michael Walsh, who wrote this week's profile, met Lloyd Webber in 1984 and has seen him frequently since. "A lot

of people say that he's very cold and brusque," notes Walsh, "but I've never known that side of him. He's extremely enthusiastic when talking about musical things." That passion bubbled over at one point during Walsh's interviews for this story. "Lloyd Webber sat down at the piano and started playing songs from his new show," Walsh recalls. "Pretty soon we were making up words and music to a Rodgers and Hammerstein-type song. When he's unbuttoned like that, he can be very genial." Now that must have been entertainment.

Robert L. Miller

"A totally new view of the oldest continent."

That's how native Australian Harry Butler describes this new book by the creator of *Eye on America* and *Scottish Symphony*. From vital cities to the vast Outback, all the drama Down Under is captured in eye-filling

color panoramas. "Ruetz," Butler writes in his Introduction, "has come as close as anyone can to exposing Australia's essential character." With 61 color illustrations, including 5 panoramic foldouts.

A U S T R A L I A

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL RUETZ • INTRODUCTION BY HARRY BUTLER

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Jeep Cherokee has just made 4x4 history. For the second time in four years, Jeep Cherokee has been named *4-Wheel & Off-Road* magazine's "4x4 of the Year." It's a feat no other vehicle has ever accomplished. And it's a title that doesn't come easily to anyone.

From an impressive field that included Ford, Chevrolet, and Toyota among others, the magazine chose Jeep Cherokee the best *all-around* 4x4 of the year. And as they explain it, "This isn't domestic versus import. This isn't pickup versus sport/utility. This is quarter-mile times, horsepower to weight, and day after day of off-road driving."

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Letters

Man of the Year

To the Editors:

Thanks for your fascinating article on Mikhail Gorbachev. I wholeheartedly applaud TIME's courage in naming him [MAN OF THE YEAR, Jan. 4]. One thing remains certain: we must coexist with our fellow superpower. To regard the Soviet Union as an "evil empire" serves absolutely no rational purpose whatsoever.

Paul W. Koch
Nashua, N.H.

In spite of the seeming charisma of Mikhail Gorbachev and his charming wife Raisa, let us never forget that they represent one of the most ruthless, cruel and uncompassionate dictatorships that our planet has ever known.

(The Rev.) Reuben E. Kile
Edgerton, Wis.

Gorbachev is not the Man of the Year but, more correctly, the Manipulator of the Year. I believe he speaks double-talk.

Barbara Ann Capizzi
Winston-Salem, N.C.

TIME's title should have read "Man of the Year . . . to Fear!"

Joe Sluka
Jersey City, N.J.



Yes to your Man of the Year selection. But the presidential forge of 1988 had better shape a man for America who can match the mettle of Gorbachev.

Bill LaPlante
Worcester, Mass.

This is an insult to millions of people who suffer daily in Eastern Europe and Asia. A few handshakes and smiles cannot serve to camouflage the brutality of the Soviet regime.

Stephan L. Roth
Colchester, Ill.

Your selection of Gorbachev gives the Kremlin added insurance that its p.r. effort with *glasnost* and *perestroika* is working despite the lack of any concrete changes in its domestic or foreign policies.

David J. Swope
Canton, Ohio

Mikhail Gorbachev for '87—it is no surprise. You picked Adolf Hitler for '38.

Carol Golly
Anaheim, Calif.

For you to put on your cover as Man of the Year the head of a slave state is a dishonor to the dedicated people who have devoted their lives to the cause of freedom.

Joe W. Smith
Tulsa

Image of Starvation

Your cover photograph illustrating the story on Ethiopia's famine [WORLD, Dec. 21] was obviously staged. How could a mother with such a healthy breast have a starving child?

Bill Griffin
Gadsden, Ala.

The picture was taken at a hospital in Wukro, Ethiopia. According to medical authorities, the size of the breasts is of no significance. What matters is the amount and quality of the milk.

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What would you do without

'87 in Pictures

Your photo-essay of the year in review [IMAGES, Dec. 28] neglected to mention the death of one of the century's greatest actresses, Geraldine Page. She remained a vital contributor to the art form, appearing in a Broadway production to the very end of her life.

Steve Walker
Kansas City

I was surprised you did not include Jazz Musician Buddy Rich. He was undoubtedly the inspiration and idol of every drummer who had ever seen him perform. Few have surpassed Rich in creativity, speed or even the brashness of his sometimes abrasive personality. His passing is truly a loss to the music world.

Craig Miller
Harrisburg, Pa.

Rudolf Hess certainly does not merit an adieu, nor should he be included among the other notables who died during the past year.

Phil Bisselle
Canton, N.Y.

You should not have shown yet another photograph of the already much overexposed Jessica Hahn. We have all seen enough of her.

George V. Hlinko
Valley Stream, N.Y.

Horseplay

You quote President Reagan [IMAGES, Dec. 28] as saying "There is nothing better for the inside of a man than the outside of a horse." This quote bears a striking resemblance to a remark made by the California educator and prep school founder Sherman Thacher: "There's something about the outside of a horse that's good for the inside of a boy."

Carolyn Birnbaum
Corona del Mar, Calif.

The quote is nearly identical to a remark by Dr. Cary Grayson, President Woodrow Wilson's personal physician: "The outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man."

Henry M. Lerner
Newton, Mass.

Ronald Reagan did not say it first. A calendar I have shows a picture of a horse with that quote. Lord Palmerston said it.

Patty Hutton, age 9
Ellicott City, Md.

Everyone is right. The origin of the saying is unknown. It is one of the President's favorite expressions.

Bishops and Condoms

The U.S. Roman Catholic bishops' document condoning condom education [RELIGION, Dec. 28] thwarts the sanc-

tions that the church has imposed on immoral behavior. In effect, the bishops are saying, If you insist on sinning, sin safely. With this as a precedent, the bishops will next proclaim, Abortion is wrong, but if you plan to have one, for God's sake, go to a good hospital.

George J. Beichl
Philadelphia

John Cardinal O'Connor of New York City called the bishops' decision a "grave mistake." He should remember that failure to educate the public on the use of condoms to avoid AIDS is a monumental mistake that will condemn many of the uninformed to their graves. Shades of the Dark Ages.

Clarence K. Williamson
Oxford, Ohio

Cohabiting Couples

Your report linking premarital cohabitation and subsequent marital stability [WORLD, Dec. 21] contains two errors. In the study I did with Ann Klimas Blanc and David Bloom, we found that couples who lived together prior to marriage had divorce rates not 80% as high as but 80% higher than those of couples who had not done so. Second, the conclusion that you draw from our study is precisely that which we said should not be drawn. Our results indicate that cohabitation per se does not cause higher divorce rates. Rath-

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Undue process

First the good news: There is a 1988 Federal budget.

Now the bad news: We've read the budget—fine print and all—and it leaves much to be desired.

We've also read about how the budget was arrived at, and it's this process we really take exception to. The process, of course, involves reconciling the House and Senate versions of a budget bill before it can be passed and sent on to the President. The reconciliation process should produce a budget that deals with revenue and expenditures. It should not be a subterfuge that allows legislators to achieve their own narrow objectives—which otherwise would fail if the normal legislative process were followed. So, what's wrong with what Congress did?

Well, in a year when Congress had a clear imperative to pass a budget that would serve to raise new revenues, control spending, and cut the deficit, what do we find instead? Let's look at just a few examples—from a very large number—of what was included in the bill:

- A special allocation of millions of dollars to educate children in a foreign country.
- Provisions aimed at a specific newspaper publisher.
- Use of the budget process to make foreign policy.

Because of the implications for the legislative process, each of these examples is troubling. The last, for instance, imposes double taxation on companies that do business in South Africa and flies in the face of our government's established foreign policy. In fact, just over a year ago, when Congress passed the Anti-Apartheid Act of 1986, it decided against denying tax credits to companies doing business in South Africa.

This time, however, without hearings, the House-Senate conferees inserted the provision in the budget during a midnight trade-off.

This, of course, isn't how we should be making our fiscal policy—or our foreign policy. If the public is to have confidence in its elected officials, Congress must play by the rules. Those rules call for appropriate hearings by appropriate committees before a bill can be voted on—openly and in the public interest.

What should then emerge, after months of deliberation by our two legislative bodies, are policies based upon enlightened action by our elected officials. Unfortunately, that isn't what the American public got from the 1988 budget bill.

Let's remember that midnight judgeships were condemned more than a century ago. Midnight pork barreling for political aims should be condemned equally today.

Mobil

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Letters

er, those who live together premaritally are simply less committed to traditional institutions and more committed to individualism than those who do not. These factors are also associated with a greater inclination to divorce.

Neil G. Bennett
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Gay Protest

As the national president of Dignity/USA, an organization for gay and lesbian Catholics, I must protest your decision to ignore the largest gathering of people in Washington since the civil rights marches of the 1960s and the antiwar rallies of the 70s.

The lives, loves and very existence of gay and lesbian people cannot be denied. Gay and lesbian people are a vibrant, strengthening part of the fabric of this country. Our gentle spirit has been tried by your refusal to recognize us. We all hope that TIME will consider correcting this grievous error.

Jim Bussen
Washington

I would think that a rally of more than half a million gay men, lesbians and their friends on Washington's Mall this past October would warrant at least a small picture in your photographic review of the year. People traveled from all over the country to be at this event and to support the fight for funding for AIDS and equal rights for gay people and to mourn the loss of those among us who have died from the disease.

Lee T. Gange
Boston

Eye-Popping Justice

The award of \$10.5 million to 82-year-old Mae Roberts, who lost vision in an eye while opening a soda bottle (ECONOMY & BUSINESS, Dec. 21), points up the ridiculous heights our legal system has reached. Lawyers are the greatest robbers of our age. It is no wonder insurance premiums have soared.

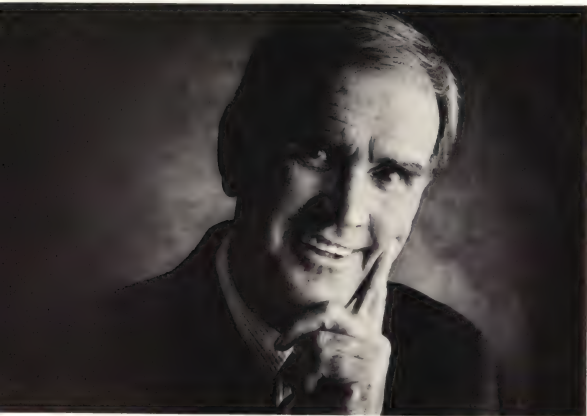
Stanford Smith
Santa Barbara, Calif.

The lawyers and jurors in this case were the winners in our hospital's "Absurd Lawsuit of the Month" contest. An ophthalmologist facetiously asked, "If the sight in one eye is worth \$10.5 million, should I perhaps charge \$21 million for a cataract operation that saves the sight in two eyes?"

Jeffrey T. Henneberger, M.D.
El Paso

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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Editor Wiggins' weekly looks after community interests in uncertain times

American Scene

In Maine: A Town and Its Paper

Some years back, James Russell Wiggins, editor of the Ellsworth *American* in Maine, wanted to prove to readers how pitifully slow was the U.S. Postal Service. So he proposed a race: he sent letters to a nearby village, one through the Postal Service and others by oxcart, canoe and bicycle. At the pedals was a local celebrity, Writer E.B. White. The Postal Service lost every race, and Wiggins gloated on the front page.

That was big news. Big news elsewhere, though, often doesn't seem quite so pressing in Ellsworth. The October stock-market crash got one sentence last fall; the blueberry industry, a mainstay of the region, got a five-part series. But nothing is read more closely than the court page, a list of everyone caught speeding or driving tipsy or lobstering without a license. "I want to see if any of my buddies are in there," says Carmen Griffin, a waitress at the Pineland Diner on Main Street. It may be a yawn in Portland, Me., but in Ellsworth, it's front-page news when there's a bumper crop of scallops or the cops seize a pet snake (the headline: **POLICE PUT PERMITLESS PET PYTHON IN PEN**).

When Editor Wiggins, 84, wanted to tell his readers, many of whom live by and from the sea, what was happening in the America's Cup race, the weekly sent a reporter to Australia. The story was relayed by satellite to Washington, wired to an Ellsworth bank and then walked across Main Street by the bank's vice president.

That's how things have always been done in Ellsworth, one neighbor counting on another. Ellsworth is the shire town of Hancock County, some two-thirds up the

Maine coast, and gateway to the summer resorts of Bar Harbor. For more than 200 years, the town has hugged the Union River, which spills out into Union River Bay and eventually the bold Atlantic. The town was named for Oliver Ellsworth, an early Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Folks here are friendly. They can't help themselves. But Down Easters draw a line between outsiders—"people from away"—and locals. You can be born in Hancock County and still not be judged a local if your parents were "from away." They say, "A cat can have her kittens in the oven and call them biscuits. Doesn't make it so."

Ellsworth has reason to be wary of outsiders, who come here seeking tranquility and disturb what tranquility there is. They clog streets, drive up land prices and bring with them some anxieties they hoped to escape. And they talk funny. Not since the fire of 1933 swept down Main Street, consuming 130 buildings, has the character of the town and the region been so threatened. "We're getting a little class," says Victoria Smallidge, owner of the Pineland Diner, who moved here in 1970. Call it what you will, some locals are uneasy about a diner that offers a wine list and tenderloin with béarnaise sauce but holds mashed potatoes and meat loaf in contempt. *American* reporters discuss stories that straddle two worlds: a log-sawing contest in Brooklin, Me., and drug-awareness week at nearby Bucksport High. These days lawyers and real estate agents seem to outnumber clergymen and clam diggers. Even the lifting Down East accent, once spoken as if it were passing over a dip

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American Scene

on a backwoods road, is losing its curls.

The *American* began publishing in 1850. There were 5,000 townspeople then, and the paper's slogan was "Americans can govern America without the help of foppish influence." There are now just over 5,000 souls in Ellsworth, and they still bristle at outsiders arriving in Peugeot with ideas for their town. But change is certain. Some city officials say the population may double in five years. Many fear the region is losing its identity. It is the *American* that is helping to preserve that identity, holding itself up as a mirror of community interests, passions and humor in uncertain times. "It's the one continuity we have in our lives, besides the seasons," says Jack Raymond, a reader from Bar Harbor.

Wiggins and the *American* seem an unlikely pair. He never went to college and didn't take over the *American* until late in life. Before that he was executive editor of the *Washington Post*, then U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations. A great-grandfather, he holds eight honorary degrees, reads up to five books a week and recites Chaucer from memory. He belts out incendiary editorials, writes a sometimes syrupy nature poem and, until recently, had a paper route. He hasn't drawn a salary in two decades. The former Ambassador still holds public office—of a sort. He's Brooklyn's appointed fence viewer. He is supposed to settle boundary disputes, but none ever arise. Wiggins is a robust man with snow white hair, eyebrows that arch in incredulity and strong hands beginning to gnarl like briar. In his spare time, he strolls his saltwater farm on Carlton Cove or sails the *Amity*, his sloop. "I picked the name out of the air," he says. "I threatened to name it *Lolita*, an old man's darling, but my wife didn't care for that."

"J. Russell? He's an American original," says Ellsworth's city manager, Herbert Gilsdorf. "For this place and this time, it's probably the best fit between a newspaper and a community I've ever seen, and I don't have any reason to blow the guy's horn 'cause he's harpooned me a couple of times." Folks are proud of the *American*, and why not? It may be the finest—albeit quirkiest—weekly in the nation. "It's a real good pay-pa," says Don Walls as he lowers a 100-lb crate of lobsters from a wharf in Southwest Harbor; the *American* ran a photograph of Walls' six-year-old son Travis, winner of the fishing derby. "Meant a lot to me and the boy," he says.

Some think Wiggins is a curmudgeon. He grabs onto every subject like a pit bull. He's been railing against the lottery for years. "It's a fraud on the public," he steams. Maybe, but he hasn't even won over his personal secretary, Rose Lee Carlisle, who buys five dollars' worth of lottery tickets every week. When the Maine legislature amended the state constitution, Wiggins wrote an editorial saying the change was "as clumsily executed as a

double heart-bypass by a band of butchers wielding a chain saw."

"Like that one, did you?" he asks. Some folks say he's too liberal. Wiggins laughs: "My children and grandchildren are always telling me what a reactionary old bastard I am." He enjoys citing the saying that a newspaper should "comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable." But Wiggins can be a softy too. His reporters remember his weeping when a Christmas caroler from a home for wayward boys put his arms around him. Then there is the Wiggins who laughs until he tears. He passes on the latest story from his friend and sailing partner, Walter—Cronkite, that is. Greeting visitors to his 1802 Federal house are life-size cutout figures of Frank and Ed, the yokels from the Bar-



Smallidge in her diner: Béarnaise, anyone?

ties & Jaymes ad. "I want you to meet a couple of friends of mine—Frank and Ed," he tells an unwary visitor. He admits to two vices. Scotch old-fashioned and raspberry sherbet. After he wrote a column about the scarcity of the latter, merchants started stocking it.

On his farm, Wiggins walks among his mallard ducks, chickens, geese and a Norfolk terrier named Red that once belonged to the late White. The elders among the geese—Arthur, the old gander, and Jeezbe, the goose—are often featured in Wiggins's *Aesop*-like bimonthly column. Once a "mover and a shaker," he steered the *Washington Post*'s coverage of every crisis from the Berlin Wall to the Viet Nam War. No more. "You can't flatter yourself in the belief that you can leverage the world from the perimeter of Ellsworth, Me.," he says. "But I enjoy rural life a lot better than I do big cities. I'm at home in this environment." Happiness, he says, is an old age shared with Ben Franklin's three faithful friends, "an old wife, an old dog and ready money."

—By Ted Gapp

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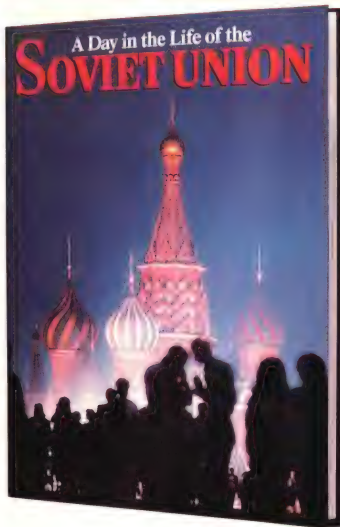
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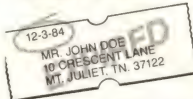
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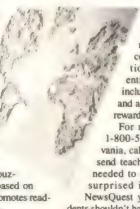
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Bush Bites Back

After tangling with Dole, he aggressively dodges Intranscendence



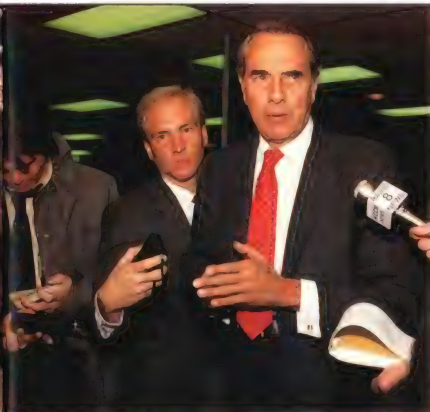
His first four campaign days of 1988 were all George Bush needed to turn the Republican race into a blood sport. Beginning in Washington, with an artful response to the taunts of his principal rival, Bob Dole, and climaxing with a brawling, take-me-on-if-you-dare performance at a Des Moines debate, Bush appeared to have whipped his wimp image. But the Vice President may need all the moxie he can muster, since he suddenly found himself bushwhacked over an issue he hoped had been forgotten: his role in the Iran-contras scandal. The fusillade of what-did-he-really-know charges came mainly from the press, but it was Alexander Haig who put them in sharp political focus when he asked during the debate, "If you can't answer your friends, what in heaven's name is going to happen next November if you are our standard-bearer?"

Moments later Bush turned on Haig with the kind of ferocity that once gave Dole a reputation as a political hatchet man. "Let me turn it around—what did you tell Nixon during Watergate?" the Vice President jabbed, referring to Haig's service in the White House bunker during the final days. The constricting format of the debate soon forced the Republican contenders to move on to far less electric issues. But the image lingered.

And so, in the final month before the 1988 voting actually begins, Bush has clearly become the dominant—indeed, virtually the only—issue of the Republican campaign. That is fine with Dole, who wisecracked his way through the debate and tried to cement his image as a just-folks neighbor from Kansas. He felt no political need to further provoke Bush; his sardonic jabs earlier in the week had been enough to move the race toward a two-man showdown.

Gone now is the pretense that the G.O.P. combatants will abide by Ronald Reagan's cherished Eleventh Commandment: "Thou shalt not speak ill of fellow Republicans." With Intranscendence taking some of the air out of his heir-apparent appeal, Bush must continue to prove that he can be a candidate of rough-and-tumble as well as resumé. Dole's efforts to project smiling serenity never last long; his style is attack, and sarcasm his weapon. As a result, the race has become a sometimes angry clash of personalities.

Although Bush polls better nationwide, Dole is leading in Iowa. A TIME poll of probable Feb. 8 Iowa caucus attendees, conducted last week, puts Dole ahead of Bush 40% to 30%, even though Bush leads Dole 49% to 24% nationwide among those likely to vote Republican. Bush handily tops Dole nationwide on the question of who has more experience and who would be good in an international crisis.



A two-man showdown: the Vice President is cornered by reporters in Iowa, while Dole hones his sarcastic jabs in New Hampshire

press in an impromptu news conference. The scene conveyed as much as the evasive answers: Bush cornered by a knot of reporters, underdressed by the almost arctic temperatures. For 15 minutes he challenged the premise of many questions and repeatedly pleaded a failure to remember. He staunchly refused to discuss what advice he had given the President, although he has portrayed himself at times as a solid supporter of the arms-to-Iran fiasco and at other times as a man who expressed some private reservations.

Dole, who campaigned most of the week in New Hampshire, was by contrast the happy warrior. Every stop provided him with a new opportunity to needle Bush. Nothing too sharp, of course, because Dole knows he must be careful about his own image. "We don't want any of that hatchet stuff," he says with a not-quite-disarming smile. Still, Dole remains incorrigible. Even his blandest remarks about the Vice President have an edge. "George Bush and I have a lot in common," Dole said. Pause. "We're about the same height." Even when Dole claims that Bush is a friend, he cannot resist adding, "the last time I checked."

The Kansas Senator's stump speech is an artful example of invective by indirection. Dole frequently boasts, "I can work with the Congress." (In contrast to guess who?) "I helped save the Social Security system in 1983." (Where was Bush?) "I played a leading role in cutting taxes in 1981." (Bush was on the sidelines.) "I've got a record, not a résumé." (Point made.)

But Bush was acting like a candidate whose New Year's resolution was never to turn the other cheek: "I'm not sure that being in Congress all your life is part of the answer," Bush said in Washington. "I think it may be part of the problem." His message to Dole: "So tell him to get off my back. He's just begun to see the Silk Worms coming across his bow."

The Vice President launched a sneaky missile in the debate when he challenged his rivals to release their tax returns. Dole was the target. Bush aides estimate he and his wife Elizabeth had combined 1986 incomes of close to \$600,000. If true, this figure might undercut Dole's pleas to Iowa voters to regard him as "one of us."

Far more potent, though, is the controversy over Bush's Iran-*contra* role. It provides a rare window on how the Vice President performs when he is close to the Oval Office. Before the debate, a few Bush strategists were arguing with little success that the Vice President should offer a public apology. The failure of any Republican to press the issue during the Friday night debate renewed hopes that he might ride out the storm. But if Bush is the nominee, it is an issue the Democrats are sure to revive in the fall.

—By Walter Shapiro,
Reported by David Beckwith with Bush and
Hays Gorey with Dole

but Dole gets higher marks for showing strong leadership. For the moment, the other four Republicans in the race are reduced to praying for a double knockout. In Iowa, none has more than 6%.

The revived debate over Bush's knowledge of the Iran deal challenges the central thesis of his campaign: his loyal service as Reagan's "co-pilot." For more than a year, Bush has clung to the classic Reagan defense: ignorance. The Vice President has insisted that although he supported the arms sales, it was only in late 1986, after the story had broken publicly, that he learned they were little more than a sordid attempt to trade for hostages, and that profits were diverted to help the Nicaraguan *contras*. Bush was left relatively unscathed by both the Tower commission and the reports of the congressional committees, which portrayed him as a bit player. It was not a heroic image for the Vice President, but it provided a degree of political safety.

That defense was undermined last week when a story in the *Washington Post* (reprinted on Page One of the *Des Moines Register*) challenged the plausibility of Bush's denials. There were no dramatic revelations, just an elaboration of the circumstantial evidence that Bush was at too many meetings not to have sensed what was really happening. The fire storm caught Bush's top aides by surprise. "He's saying the same things Reagan said," argued one adviser. "Why shouldn't people believe him?"

That captures the inherent weakness of Bush's position. Unlike anyone else in the Iran-*contra* affair, the Vice President is bucking for a promotion. His problems

are not based on legal culpability, although he will provide sworn testimony to the staff of Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh early this week. The issues in Bush's case are judgment and veracity. If he was as close to the President as he claims, why did he not recognize the warning signs (evident in the notes of his own meetings) of what was clearly an arms-for-hostages deal? As the proud author of the Administration's tough anti-terrorism policy, how could he have let the President be led into violating a central tenet of that policy, a refusal to make deals with hostage takers? Even his claimed ignorance is a pallid excuse, since it suggests, as Haig put it in an earlier debate, that Bush was not the plane's copilot, but merely "back in economy class."

The day before the Iowa debate, Bush's staff persuaded him to face the



Who is your first choice as the Republican presidential candidate?
(Asked of likely Republican voters)

	Nationally	In Iowa
Bush	49%	30%
Dole	24%	40%

From telephone polls taken for TIME from Jan. 3 to 7 by Vankalovich Glancy Shuman. The national survey includes 424 likely Republican voters. The separate Iowa survey includes 394 Republicans who say they are likely to attend caucuses. The sampling error is plus or minus 5%.

The Budget's Hidden Horrors

How Congress tucked special goodies into its Christmas pie

Congressman Charles Wilson, a tall Texas Democrat with a signature swagger, carried a grudge against the Defense Intelligence Agency. In Pakistan in 1986, the agency had refused to fly Wilson's companion, a former Miss U.S.A.-World, to a town near the Afghan border where the Congressman was to inspect the progress of the guerrilla war. Just before Christmas, Wilson took revenge. An influential member of a Defense Appropriations subcommittee, he tucked a provision into a spending bill that stripped DIA of two planes, and he eliminated the agency's exemption from Pentagon staff cuts.

Wilson's sleight of hand escaped the notice of most members of Congress, as well as of President Reagan, who signed it into law. And no wonder: the legislation that included the provision was 2,100 pages long, and it lumped together 13 appropriations bills that should have been passed individually. In one gargantuan gulp, the omnibus bill amounted to \$603.9 billion, or nearly two-thirds of the total funding for Federal Government operations in fiscal 1988.

Patched together in a furious week of back-room conferences between House and Senate subcommittees, the bill passed both chambers in the wee hours of Dec. 22. Few members even saw a copy of the legislation. "This blind voting is a sad commentary on the world's greatest deliberative body," lamented Republican Senator Malcolm Wallop of Wyoming. In the weeks since, as reporters, lobbyists and more than 200 budget analysts in the executive branch have dug into the budget pie, a number of surprises have come popping

out. Complained Budget Director James Miller: "Some are the kinds of things you'd be ashamed to tell your mama about." Among the more questionable items:

► A cleverly crafted provision requiring the Government to buy \$10 million worth of sunflower oil, courtesy of Democratic Senator Quentin Burdick of North Dakota. Budget cutters had defeated an earlier measure, but a new version of the sunflower subsidy program lay hidden in the bill's fertile soil.

► An award of \$16.5 million to New Orleans' Tulane University and Xavier University, a 2,200-student black school, to advise the Defense Department on how to dispose of hazardous waste. The Pentagon had never asked for the advice, but Senator J. Bennett Johnston, a Louisiana Democrat, found time to stuff the chestnuts into the pork roast for his own constituents. Xavier's share of the grant, about \$7 million over two years, is its largest contract ever.

► An antitrust clause that forbids the Federal Communications Commission from allowing Media Mogul Rupert Murdoch to keep the New York *Post* and Boston *Herald* as well as television stations in each city.

► An increase in the speed limit to 65 m.p.h. on many local highways, bypassing concerns about safety.

► An \$8 million grant to North African Jews in France to build a parochial school promoted by a campaign contributor of Democratic Senator Daniel Inouye of Hawaii.

Congress is notorious for tacking rid-

ers onto funding legislation, thus avoiding public hearings and committee debate. But 1986 and 1987 were the first years since 1950 in which not a single appropriations measure reached the President's desk. The result this time was the behemoth bill, passed helter-skelter nearly three months into the new fiscal year, that offered keen-eyed Congressmen irresistible opportunities for skulduggery.

Budget experts attribute the mess partly to the 1985 Gramm-Rudman-Hollings law, which set up a system of automatic cuts if total spending rises above deficit targets. "Gramm-Rudman now assures that everything will take place at the last second on the last day," says Democratic Congressman David Obey of Wisconsin. In fact, ten of the 13 appropriations bills had been ready to go to conference before Dec. 22. But congressional leaders delayed forwarding them to President Reagan for fear they would have no control over cuts once the bills were signed into law, should Gramm-Rudman take effect. They waited until a compromise over taxes and spending was hammered out between the Administration and Congress during four weeks of "budget summit" talks. The result, a \$76 billion tax hike and spending-cut measure, whittled the deficit down to legal levels and passed both houses along with the huge funding bill.

In the final week, as members pressed to get home before Christmas, a feverish panic gripped Capitol Hill. It was a scene no civics textbook would dare describe. In back rooms, miniconferences worked nearly around the clock to reconcile differences between House and Senate versions of the budget. Millions of dollars were traded back and forth, sometimes with only two influential legislators in at-



Johnston: a share of \$16.5 million for Tulane; Inouye: funds for Paris "refugees"



No waiver for Murdoch; and DIA Nemesis Annelise Ilshenko, former Miss U.S.A.-World



tendence. Hardly anyone knew what colleagues across the hall were doing. Exhaustion set in. "The typical day was 17 or 18 hours, while I was trying to make decisions on multi-hundred-million-dollar projects," said Senator Johnston, who presided at four conferences underway in different parts of the Capitol. "I have never wanted a recess so much in my life."

Congressman Obey held sway over two simultaneous conferences: one on foreign aid, where some 150 differences remained to be settled between Senate and House versions of the bill, and a second on labor and health that dealt with up to 400 matters in dispute. One of the items he agreed to was Inouye's pet project for the Sephardic Jews. "It was a lousy \$8 million," explained Obey, who at the same time was negotiating with the Hawaiian over an \$8 billion credit-refinancing item. Inouye said last week that he pushed for the money because the French government refused to fully fund the religious school.

While Inouye's project was approved in committee, the anti-Murdoch provision that slipped into the catchall spending bill was an end run engineered by Senator Edward Kennedy and Senator Ernest Hollings, who had tried unsuccessfully to pass a similar measure last summer. On Dec. 15, Hollings and three other members of Congress met in a miniconference. "We were going through thousands of items," recalled Republican Congressman Harold Rogers of Kentucky. "The Murdoch thing was a real speck in the wind. Hollings said something to the effect that 'this is not a change of policy.' I did not understand that it took away the FCC's waiver powers. This took place over a ten-second period of time." Since there was no dispute, the matter was not even raised in the full conference.

While there may be no more pork this year than in the past, what there is comes at a time when the nation can least afford it and efforts to reduce the deficit have faltered. "The American public now wants more spending on things like health and education, doesn't want to pay more taxes, and it wants a balanced budget," says Rudolph Penner, a former Congressional Budget Office director. But with recent pressures to clamp down on spending for popular new programs, members of Congress have little to boast about besides whatever bit of bacon they can bring home to their districts.

Still, qualms are growing. The howls that accompanied passage of the spending bills this year seemed more distressed than usual. Even a touch of humility crept in. "We are going to have one vote on a conference agreement of over 2,000 pages, which not a single member has read or understands," fumed Massachusetts Republican Silvio Conte during the House debate. "Who's responsible for this outrage?" Conte answered his own question. "In Pogo's immortal words," he concluded, "we have met the enemy, and it is us."

—By Margot Hornblower.

Reported by Ted Gup/Washington

"Fat Boy" vs. "the Dirty Digger"

It had the makings of a lurid tabloid tale (as indeed it was), and it cried out to be told in screaming headlines: KILLER AMENDMENT ATTACKS PAPERS. At the heart of the drama was Rupert Murdoch, the saucy conservative press baron known to his critics as "the Dirty Digger," tangling with Ted Kennedy, the controversial liberal Senator tagged "the Fat Boy" in the opinion pages of Murdoch's Boston *Herald*. Co-stars included three equally colorful New York politicians, who look upon Murdoch's New York *Post* with a mixture of fear and favor: Daniel Moynihan, the professional Senator up for re-election; Alfonse D'Amato, his scrappy colleague; and Ed Koch, the loquacious mayor who is ever eager to jump into a fray. The issues: truth, justice and the American Way. And power.

The lines were drawn after the discovery of the Kennedy-backed rider to the budget bill that ordered the FCC to enforce strictly its rule against a person's owning both a newspaper and a broadcast station in the same city. That turned out to be a pistol aimed directly at Murdoch, the only publisher who holds temporary waivers of the cross-ownership restriction.

KENNEDY'S VENDETTA screamed the headline of a biting front-page editorial in the *Herald*. "Was it something I said, Fat Boy?" asked *Herald* Columnist Howie Carr. IT'S WAR ON POST BUSTERS, added the *Post*. Underscoring the gravity of the controversy, Murdoch suspended his usual practice of shunning the limelight and went on Cable News Network's *Crossfire* program to make his

case personally. "We're keeping the Boston *Herald* in spite of Senator Kennedy," he said, vowing that he would sell his small Boston TV station if necessary. Murdoch is not, however, willing to give up his New York station, which serves as a flagship for his fledgling Fox network. If he cannot find a buyer for the money-losing *Post* or overturn the ban on extending waivers, he will be forced to shut down the paper by March 6.

Koch, a perennial *Post* favorite, led the charge against Kennedy. Saying that the Senator's action revealed a "character flaw," the mayor added in a veiled reference to Chappaquiddick. "In the dead of night, and then by the way not to immediately own up to it. We've seen that before."

Kennedy struck back at both Murdoch and his defenders. In a statement, he attacked Koch as a "Murdoch mouthpiece" and noted that the "best and quickest solution to this whole problem would be for Donald Trump to buy the New York *Post*." Trump, a real estate developer, has a flair for promotion and for getting under Koch's skin. Kennedy insists that his anti-Murdoch measure was designed to prevent the FCC from unilaterally repealing the cross-ownership rule the way it recently abolished the "fairness doctrine" requiring broadcasters to air opposing viewpoints. Murdoch had the "fix in" with the FCC, claims Kennedy. Now "he can keep his newspaper or he can keep his broadcasting station. But he can't keep them both. That's the law."

Was it something they said?

Ironically, in 1957, Kennedy's father was instrumental in persuading the FCC to award a lucrative TV station to the former owners of the *Herald*. For his part, Murdoch bought the New York station in 1986 and the Boston station last year knowing that the law prohibited him from owning them as well as local newspapers in those cities. Before Kennedy intervened, Murdoch was seeking a way to win a permanent exemption from that rule.

Now he thinks he may have found it. Murdoch, who became an American citizen so he could be eligible to buy TV stations in the U.S., is exploring various legal challenges to the Kennedy amendment. But first he hopes an outraged Congress will overturn the amendment when it reconvenes at the end of the month. "It's not easy, but it's possible," Murdoch told TIME. Having learned a valuable lesson from his adversary in Massachusetts, he adds, "Congress can do anything in 24 hours—if it really wants to."

—By Laurence Zuckerman. Reported by

Ted Gup/Washington and Lawrence Mulkin/Boston



Nation

An Early Lock on Veep, at Least

Gore builds a powerful base



Al Gore for Vice President? You won't see any bumper stickers bearing those words. No presidential candidate worth his matching funds would admit that his wish list has room for second place. When the subject came up at a press conference last week, Gore looked as though he had snuffed a skunk in church. Four times in 90 seconds, he declared, "I have no interest." He is, Gore insists, a national candidate for the presidency, not merely a regional entry or would-be power broker.

He's right: his clever tactic of positioning himself as the only Democratic centrist and his impressive grasp of the issues have made Gore, at 39, a viable con-

tender for the top spot. But in recent weeks he has become something more: the only Democrat building a solid geographic base and, partly as a result, the only contender in either party developing an early lock on at least the second spot on a ticket. Having decided to concentrate on the South rather than Iowa and New Hampshire, the junior Senator from Tennessee has been reaping a daily harvest of endorsements from leaders of the region's white establishment. At the very least, this solid base will give him the cards to play power poker with Southern chips, along with Jesse Jackson, if the game is still in progress when the primaries end.

Gore's endorsements come in part because he is perceived as a safe favorite son for Southerners. He is pursuing a risky strategy that has failed others who gave short shrift to Iowa and New Hampshire. But 1988 has its own dynamics. With such



Son of the South

a diffuse and crowded field and a chance that the early votes will be splintered, there is a distinct advantage to having a regional base, especially if no one else does. Gore's base helped him enter the new year with nearly \$2.4 million in ready campaign cash, second only to Michael Dukakis among Democrats. Consultant Bob Squier calls Gore's ability to build a regional support system the "first institutional breakthrough among the Democrats."

Gore's appeal to moderates, his easy rapport with black leaders, and the fact that he will be the only white Southerner with a bloc of delegates constitute a large pile of chips. Says Nathan Landow, a fund raiser who helped coax Gore into the race: "If he doesn't get the top spot, he is the obvious running mate for any Northerner under any scenario, including a late entry by Mario Cuomo. Al Gore would bring all the necessary pieces."

The Presidency

Hugh Sidey

Baker's End-Game Plan

Howard Baker went to work one morning last week with a Christmas necktie that was pink with large blue polka dots. Such extraordinary flamboyance for the White House chief of staff made even the President take notice. "I'll give it to you if you'll wear it," said Baker, an offer that Reagan tactfully declined.

The disagreements between those two usually have been on more momentous affairs during their year together. But as they head into the President's final months, Baker is more concerned that "our instincts are too much the same" than that Reagan sometimes goes against his advice. Abrasion is a part of creative politics.

History stalks the former Tennessee Senator, as astute a political philosopher as this city has seen. He watched the TV clip of Reagan saying, "The business that I used to be in said, 'Save something for the third act.' And we will." Once again, muses Baker, the President is right.

Baker has a new thought. "Presidents today cannot be lame ducks," he says. "This is a different era than the last days of Dwight Eisenhower. Events are so swift and interrelated. Reagan amplifies that necessary involvement because he is such an assertive person."

A year ago, Baker and the President worked out an understanding on objectives. Baker drew up a battle plan in Santa Barbara, which Reagan read and signed, one of those superscript documents that archivists someday will exhumate from the recesses of the presidential vaults. "In general, we pretty much did what we set out to do," says Baker.

Now his staff is producing a similar blueprint for 1988. There is even a small task force crafting Reagan's farewell address for a year hence.

Politics will taint everything this year. But Reagan should be at least an equal act in the grand finale, an act that could produce the INF treaty ratification, a Moscow summit, a new Supreme Court Justice, a ringing budget and free-trade debate and a firming attitude against terrorism.

Let the presidential aspirants hack away at one another. Reagan will stand aside for now. "In 1985, when I got out of the Senate," recalls Baker, "I came down to the White House to see the President and tell him I wanted to run for President. I asked him if he was going to try to pick his successor. He said, 'I do not intend to.' Then I had a second question. If he changed his mind, would he let me know? He said he would, and I have not heard a thing."

Baker has warned his staff not to slight any Republican or give any advantage. He has tried to keep the White House scrupulously neutral in the feuds between George Bush and Bob Dole, much to Bush's consternation. "I'll end up with all of them mad at me," he grins.

If the Reagan-Baker last-year plan succeeds, the President will go off into the history books looking remarkably like the man who came to Washington eight years earlier. To illustrate the point, Baker tells a story. "By Tuesday afternoon of the summit with Gorbachev, we were all worn out, and, to be honest, it had not gone all that well. Gorbachev was spewing facts all over the floor. The President was down. 'Howard,' he said, 'I had better hit the books tonight.' 'No,' I said, 'I wouldn't do that. Be Ronald Reagan. Remember who you are, what you believe and where you want to go. Let us take care of the facts.' Wednesday morning the President took charge and never let go."



Decked out in his Christmas tie

Strife and Death in the Family

An ex-FBI agent describes five chilling years inside the Mafia

Benjamin Ruggiero—"Lefty Guns" to the mobsters he hung around with in New York City's Little Italy—always remembered a conversation. No one knew that better than FBI Undercover Agent Joseph D. Pistone as he sat with Lefty, his Mafia chief and partner, in Nathan's in Miami Beach one morning in 1980. Several months before, Pistone had borrowed a white yacht from a fellow agent for an ocean-going party to impress Lefty and his Mafia pals. A girlfriend's rich brother had provided the boat, Pistone explained. Now an unhappy Lefty was looking at a page of *TIME* with a picture of the very same yacht: it had been used by the FBI in the Abscam scandal to help catch several crooked Congressmen accepting bribes from agents posing as rich Arabs.

"Lefty, that's not the same boat," a wary Pistone insisted. Lefty was adamant: "Tell me about this boat. How did we get on this boat?" Thinking fast, Agent Pistone recalled the story about the rich brother and then pointed out that if they had partied on a fed boat, they had been a lot smarter than the Congressmen: they had not been caught. "We're sitting here, Left. We beat those FBI guys."

It was probably the closest Pistone came to being unmasked and "whacked" (killed) during the five years that he posed as Jewel Thief Donnie Brasco with the Bonanno and Colombo crime families. When he emerged from under cover in 1981, he was closer than any previous outsider to the inner sanctum of the Mafia.

His upcoming book *Donnie Brasco: My Undercover Life in the Mafia* (New American Library; \$18.95), written with Richard Woodley, reveals the full extent of his dangerous voyage into the underworld. Pistone lived with mobsters, gained their trust and came close to being initiated as a wise guy—a "made" Mafia-so. He helped arrange business deals between crime families in different parts of the country and was the subject of three Mob-style tribunals, or "sit-downs," any of which could have resulted in a contract on his life. "In the Mafia, it's always someone you know real well who kills you," says Pistone, 48, a tall, swarthy, bearded man with the build of an athlete.

Danger still lurks: the Mafia commission put out a \$500,000 contract on Pistone's life, forcing him and his long-suffering family to live under an assumed name somewhere in New Jersey. Pistone, who left the FBI in 1986, is no longer protected by the agency but carries a .38-cal. pistol at all times. The Mob has reason to rage at the former agent: his daring double life was instrumental in gaining more than 100 federal convictions of organized-crime members. He was a key witness in the "pizza connection" case involving Sicilian heroin



Danger still lurks: "Donnie" in disguise

importers, as well as the 1986 Mafia commission trial in New York City.

Of equal importance, Pistone exposed the degree to which Government crime-busting efforts have weakened the Mafia, says Ronald Goldstock, director of the New York State Organized Crime Task Force. The Mob, which once ran thorough security checks on any stranger, simply lacked the "discipline and internal controls" to unmask the agent, he says.

Pistone shows the Mafia as holding a disregard for human life that is terrifyingly amoral. As a wise guy, Pistone quotes Lefty as saying, "you can cheat, you can steal, you can kill people—legitimately."

You can do anything you want, and nobody can say anything about it."

Several times Pistone came within a telephone call of being exposed. In 1977, shortly after he had infiltrated a small gang of crooks attached to the Colombo family, two mobsters became suspicious that Pistone was a stoolie and demanded that he provide a criminal reference. Months before, Pistone had asked another FBI agent to instruct a Mob informant in Florida always to be ready to vouch for Donnie Brasco. But had the agent passed on the message? And if he had, would the informant remember? For several tense hours Pistone played cards with the rest of the gang, while a mobster checked out his story. Finally the gangster returned. "Your guy okayed you," he said.

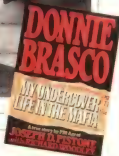
Incredibly, Pistone lived in this fashion for five years without once stepping out of character. That was possible, he says, because he simply remained himself, an Italian American who had grown up in New Jersey around neighborhoods where mobsters lived. He had a sense of their behavior and values. "I knew how to act natural so no alarms would go off," he says. So natural, in fact, that as a Mob hanger-on, he got close to Mafia Soldier Lefty Ruggiero, a neurotic worrier, chronically short of cash, who became Pistone's mentor in check-cashing scams and drug and gambling deals. Pistone also "felt a kind of kinship" with Dominick ("Sonny Black") Napolitano, a killer who kept pigeons on the roof of his Brooklyn apartment building and was to become the acting boss of the Bonanno family.

His own family knew he was an undercover agent but little else. His wife and his three daughters, now 25, 23 and 21, sometimes would not see him for weeks at a time. While Pistone's family was sitting at home on Christmas Eve, Donnie Brasco would be out "bouncing" around with mobsters, planning criminal scams from loan-sharking to extortion. Even getting home for a day required making elaborate



Pistone, left, at a Florida poolside with Sonny Black in 1980

A "kinship" with a killer who kept pigeons on his roof.



Nation

excuses to his Mafia bosses. In a telephone interview, Mrs. Pistone, a 47-year-old former nurse, admits, "It was horrible. I was always having to do without my husband, making excuses to friends, having children unhappy because their father wasn't around, having to placate them and tell them that they didn't have a lousy father."

Pistone's dual loyalty to his mission and his family was sorely tested in 1978, when his wife was injured in an automobile crash. Pistone stayed with her during her eleven days in the hospital and for a week when she returned home. Then he was back on the job, explaining that he had been taking care of a sick girlfriend.

Five years were far more than the family had bargained for when Pistone began the undercover operation in September 1976 with the idea of spending six months infiltrating fences who dispose of Mob swag. Pistone's name was erased from agency files, and contact agents were selected to deliver his spending money (sometimes meeting him in the Metropoli-

tan Museum of Art) and to take his phone calls several times a week. Donnie Brasco (Pistone chose the name at random) never took notes and rarely carried a recorder or radio transmitter because they might be discovered when he greeted fellow Mafiosi with the traditional hug and kiss. He began by frequenting Manhattan clubs and restaurants where wise guys hang out and gradually joined the fringes of the Colombo family. As he started establishing relations with Bonanno Family Members Lefty Ruggiero and Sonny Black, the FBI decided to continue the operation.

A constant problem was how much Pistone could participate in Mob dealings without breaking the law himself. He could not initiate or encourage crimes, but to win credibility he had to participate in such activities as unloading stolen trucks and buying stolen guns. "What would happen, I thought, if I'm out with Sonny and Lefty and we get caught in a battle," he recalls. The situation never arose, but as he

came closer to being initiated into the Mob, he was given a contract by Sonny Black to kill a fellow Mafioso. Before Pistone could run the mobster to earth, the FBI ended the operation, and on July 26, 1981, Agent Pistone came in from the heat.

Lefty at first refused to accept that his buddy Donnie would testify against him, but he was forced to believe it when he was confronted by Pistone on the witness stand in federal district court in Manhattan in 1982 and was convicted and sentenced to 20 years in prison. Sonny Black disappeared 17 days after Donnie Brasco's identity was revealed. In August 1982, Black's body was found on Staten Island. His hands had been chopped off, a symbol of a violation of Mafia security. "I felt a little bad," says Pistone, "but I always kept in mind that if he had found out who I was, he would have had no hesitation about killing me." For the undercover agent, as for the mobster, it was just business.

—By David Brand. Reported by Joanne McDowell/New York

Cold Comfort for the Homeless

Seeking shelter—and compassion—as temperatures drop

The arctic blast that swept down from Canada and froze the face of the nation last week made Americans look like motley snowmen. Out they ventured in funny fur hats, layered sweaters, mittens, turned-up collars and ski masks. The luckiest ones spent as much time as possible near the radiator, as little as necessary out of doors.

But the cold snap froze the image of a different America onto the front pages of newspapers and television screens: people huddling outside overnight with little but the coats on their backs. Under blankets, newspapers and garbage bags, they slept on city steam grates to keep warm, huddled over fires in vacant lots, or hid out from the freezing wind in cardboard warrens constructed in the tunnels beneath railroad or subway stations.

The nation's homeless population has risen by 25% in the past year, according to the National Coalition for the Homeless. Desperately seeking relief from the killing cold, the homeless filled shelters to overflowing as the windchill factor in several major cities dropped below zero.

The freezing temperatures were matched by an icy militancy among some vagrants. In Chicago, 30 homeless men broke into vacant apartments in a housing project and had to be chased out by guards. In Oakland, police arrested 17 protesters who were part of a group that seized three empty

Victorian houses for several hours. Some cities have reacted to the winter plight of the homeless by opening doors that are usually shut after 5 o'clock. Washington's city council last week authorized the use of municipal buildings, including the city hall, as overnight shelters when the temperature falls to 25°. Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago have taken similar action.

In Los Angeles, Federal Appeals Court Judge Harry Pregerson did as much for the homeless as any municipal organization. He searched out an obscure legal provision permitting the use of federal property for emergency shelter, then targeted a 134-acre supply center as a likely site. Last week, as the city shivered in un-

usual 36° weather, the shelter opened with 100 beds, and 100 more will be added in the next few weeks. "I felt a deep concern for people sleeping on the streets," says Pregerson. "It's a disgrace to our whole country."

On the other side of the continent, Kalf Beacon, 45, has set up his Temple of the Rainbow Food Kitchen in an empty lot on Manhattan's run-down Lower East Side. Beacon, who is homeless himself and wears a stovepipe hat that makes him look like a character out of Dickens, keeps a flame burning constantly under his 20-gal. pots of rice, soup and beans. The New York City kitchen, which serves as many as 1,000 meals a day, is not his first such endeavor. Beacon, who calls himself the Fire Tender, says he has set up similar "temples" in other cities across the country.

On the Lower East Side, street people hang around the temple, keeping warm near the fire and eating off paper plates. Volunteers help out with the cooking; neighbors and local businessmen contribute food and wood for the stove.

"How can these people help themselves when all they think about is food?" asks the Fire Tender. "Give them food, and then they can put their heads and hands to work fighting misery." Although the city plans to evict Beacon from the vacant lot to build subsidized housing on the site, the Fire Tender does not intend to let his flame go out. His next temple, he says, will be in Spanish Harlem.

—By Amy Wilentz. Reported by Elaine Lafferty/Los Angeles and Raji Sanghabadi/New York



The Fire Tender keeps the flame alive under the soup and beans. "Give them food, and they can put their heads and hands to work."

Why Is This Man Running?

Haig still yearns to be in control



This is the last in a series of profiles published over the past year in which TIME has explored the backgrounds, personalities and political outlooks of the 1988 Democratic and Republican presidential candidates.

Alexander Haig picked the wrong 15 minutes to be famous. Shortly after President Reagan was shot in 1981, Haig went on television to reassure a frightened world that someone at the White House was in charge. Sweating, a crack in his voice, he uttered the immortal words, "I am in control here." He came off like a character from *Dr. Strangelove*, and has never been allowed to forget it. Bumper stickers were recently spotted bearing a mushroom cloud with the slogan HAIG FOR PRESIDENT. LET'S GET IT OVER WITH.

This week Haig will begin airing TV and radio ads in New Hampshire that try to put the episode in a more positive light. Titled "Take Charge," the TV spot opens on a serene Haig, casually dressed in a suede jacket and orange shirt, seated before a roaring fireplace. *Chariots of Fire*-style music swells in the background as Haig calmly recalls how, in a "dangerous atmosphere," when the Pentagon was on nuclear alert and Moscow was confused, he had come forward and "said what had to be said." He leans into the camera and confides, "I'd do it again."

The retired four-star general has been an actor in some of the most important crises of the postwar era. On paper, he seems an ideal Chief Executive. Yet Haig has trouble being taken seriously. It is not just that his chances are so slim, that he has no political base, money or organization. Haig has a flaw that is far more fatal: he simply cannot gauge his effect on an audience. His campaign is based in part on proving that "I'm not the ogre people thought." But he is having a tough time doing it.

Campaigning late one evening in an American Legion hall in Portsmouth, N.H., Haig made a point about the Persian Gulf, then slapped a veteran at the bar on the back and demanded, "Right?" The man mumbled his allegiance to Democrat Michael Dukakis. "You mean you're Greek?" Haig bellowed. Wagging a finger playfully, Haig continued, "Beware of Greeks bearing gifts." No answer. Haig walked away, then turned back. "I'll tell you something about Greek sailors," he said, adding a locker-room comment about the danger of turning one's back on them. Startled, the Dukakis supporter at last looked up,

as Haig filled the stunned silence with a hearty guffaw.

His old boss Henry Kissinger labeled Haig "colossally self-confident." On the campaign trail, only Jesse Jackson has as much panache. Genial one moment, Haig can then lower his voice, narrow his eyes in what an aide once described as a "laser blue death ray" and deliver a bitter, blistering attack on George Bush. Often hailed as a hero, Haig also has a sinister mystique: while a deputy in the White House, he helped manage the secret wiretapping program ordered by Nixon and Kissinger, and he made regular trips to the FBI to read the transcripts. In Europe, where he performed masterfully as commander of NATO, Haig is revered. He may be the only American besides Jerry Lewis the French truly like. But in America, according to the TIME poll taken last week, 46% of Republicans said they had a "generally unfavorable" impression of him, compared with only 27% who gave him a favorable rating.

Haig's intensity and quicksilver mood shifts fueled a silly rumor that circulated when he was an angry and embattled Secretary of State. Haig, it was whispered, became mentally unstable after his 1980 double-bypass operation. Haig still pins the story on his old nemesis Richard Allen, Reagan's first National Security Adviser, who, Haig claims, kept a report on the psychological effects of bypass surgery in his White House office. Haig, laughing mirthlessly, says Allen even showed it to Nixon, who rang Haig for an explanation.

If nothing else, the 1988 campaign gives Haig a chance to vindicate himself: he is not crazy, he is in control, and he feels he was right in his losing battle against his small-minded colleagues in the Reagan White House. Critics who accuse him of merely trying to boost future lecture fees are missing the point. Haig means it when he asserts that he would be a good President, tough and clear-minded on issues ranging from the deficit to arms control. His ideas are, in fact, sophisticated and sensible. Haig knows his chances are dim. He blames the system and the Republican Party "apparatchik" for locking him out. But he believes in himself, and has nothing to lose and much satisfaction to gain by selling that belief to the public.

There is an unmistakable I-told-you-so relish to his voice as he belittles Reagan's foreign policy mistakes. His contempt for George Bush is genuine. Haig's most important effect on the 1988 campaign



"The general" in the library of his home in Arlington, Va.

may come from his search-and-destroy missions against Bush during the debates. Even if Haig's barbs don't cost Bush the nomination, they will serve as ammunition for a Democratic challenger in the fall.

Raised in a middle-class Catholic family in a Philadelphia suburb, Haig was energetic and determined even as a boy, with his sights set on being a soldier. His older sister Regina recalls young Alec at age four, in a little cap, blowing his toy bugle until his lips were raw and swollen. His father, a lawyer, died when Alec was ten, and his mother raised three children alone, aided financially by a prosperous uncle. Haig had his heart set on West Point, but had to apply twice and use his uncle's political connections to get in. Haig was not a model cadet. He amassed some 158 hours of punishment in his first two years for, among other things, "gross public displays of affection" (kissing). Haig roguishly explains, "I had a lot of fun." He graduated 214th in his class of 310 in 1947. His yearbook tweaks him for "strong convictions and even stronger ambitions."

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THE COMPANY NEWSLETTER

All-Stars Clinch Division Title



Heavy hitting powers All-Stars to the top

Last night, the All-Stars won the game, the title and a chance to shuffle off to Buffalo next week for the championships.

The All-Stars powered over the Grass Stains, who had been tied with the All-Stars for first place. The game was tight until the bottom of the fourth when the All-Stars blasted into the lead with two home runs to the upper deck in left field.

The game was highlighted by a most improbable play in which three All-Star players, each running at different speeds, ended up on third base at the same time. Fortunately, the third baseman missed the ball from centerfield, allowing two of the

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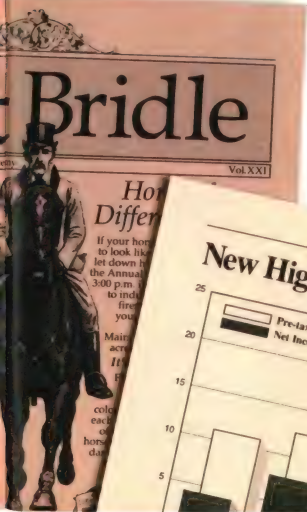
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He met his wife Patricia in occupied Japan, where he was assigned to the 1st Cavalry Division. He played football and drove a Kaiser; she was very pretty, convent-trained and a general's daughter. They were married under crossed swords in 1950, then Haig went off to the Korean front as an aide-de-camp to General Edward Almond.

Haig, thrice decorated, now hates being asked about one legendary war story. As the U.S. Army evacuated Hungnam, he went back and blew up General Almond's sunken bathtub so that Chinese generals couldn't soak in it. Haig says what he did was "routine" and thinks some accounts make him sound like "some kind of martinet fanatic." Exasperated, his feet tapping nervously, Haig laments,

"The whole thing was told as a joke." Haig often complains that people can't tell when he is kidding. Sometimes they can't understand what he's saying. Haig'speak was a term invented to explain such neologisms as "vortex of cruciability" and "contexted."

Haig saw combat again in Viet Nam as a lieutenant colonel in 1966. He won the Distinguished Service Cross at the battle of Ap Gu, displaying the kind of hard-driving leadership that later drove some of his civilian subordinates crazy. There it saved lives. After the first attack subsided, Haig drove his exhausted men to keep digging trenches late into the night. When the Viet Cong launched a second massive attack at 4 a.m., Haig's men were protected and ready.

After Viet Nam, Haig was assigned to West Point as a regimental commander. He soon tangled with a rebellious cadet, Lucian Truscott IV, who partly modeled the villain of his West Point novel, *Dress Gray*, after Haig. Haig remembers Truscott as a troublemaker ("he had a proclivity for challenging authority"), but says he holds no grudge. He confides, "Norman Mailer—he's a friend of mine—told me that Truscott now respects and admires me greatly." Truscott disagrees.

Though other cadets do not remember him as Truscott's devious nitpicker, Haig is defensive about the caricature. He was particularly annoyed that Truscott accused him of making decisions without consulting his West Point superior, a charge Haig vehemently denies. But *Armed Forces Journal* Editor Benjamin Schemmer obtained a 1967 report about Haig by Bernard Rogers, then West Point commander, who later succeeded Haig at NATO. "I have complete confidence in his ability to handle serious matters," Rogers wrote, "whether or not they fall within his purview."

He went to Kissinger's National Security Council in 1969 as a military adviser. Haig shone in the Nixon White House, cheerfully outdoing other workaholics. He became indispensable as "Kissinger's Kissinger." He advised Nixon on the covert war in Cambodia and also helped negotiate the secret Vietnamese peace talks. Once he returned in disgust from a Saigon meeting with South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu and told a colleague, "I should have shot the son of a bitch."

Haig proved to be a tough bureaucratic infighter in a notoriously rough-and-tumble White House. Kissinger grew to resent the way Haig insinuated himself with Nixon. The two once fought over who would have the room closest to Nixon's on a trip to the Kremlin in 1974. Haig got the room, but now says



Campaigning for vindication: with Wife Patricia at the Iowa state fair

that his aides—"the maniacs down the line"—led the charge. "It didn't make a bit of difference to me." Haig insists, adding with a chuckle, "It might have made a difference to Mr. Nixon, though." Haig and Nixon remain close, talking by phone about politics and world affairs at least once a week.

Haig had left the White House and was back at the Pentagon when the Watergate scandal broke. Nixon appointed him White House chief of staff after John Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeeman resigned. Unswervingly loyal to Nixon, Haig nevertheless established a good relationship with Watergate Special Prosecutor

Leon Jaworski. Many credit Haig with running the country while Nixon fought impeachment.

By the time he left NATO in 1979, Haig had won praise from initially skeptical allies for restoring the morale and readiness of allied troops. Upon his return to the U.S., he briefly contemplated a run for the White House, then settled down to make money as president of United Technologies Corp. for a year before becoming Secretary of State.

He had run a White House and a business, formulated policy and fought wars, and he wanted to run Reagan's foreign policy without interference. But his aggressive manner alienated Reagan's laid-back Californians. David Stockman called him a "bully." The ruling troika of James Baker, Edwin Meese and Michael Deaver, which Haig later took to calling the "three-headed hydra-monster," never trusted him. Haig hotly denies that his disputes with the White House staff were based on personality. "My problems were substantive from day one." After several threats of resignation, Haig's offer was accepted by Reagan in June 1982.

Haig has become wealthy since he left public office. His international consulting firm, Worldwide Associates Inc., has done so well that he paid himself \$2.7 million over the past two years. He advises such companies as Boeing and Amway Corp. and serves on the boards of half a dozen major companies. Early on, some of his advisers and aides expected him to take a leave from his business and focus solely on campaigning. "I had hoped he'd make a 110% commitment," said one former staffer.

Haig insists he has cut back on his private endeavors while running for President, and he estimates that he has given up \$500,000 in speaking fees alone. But he sees no reason to curtail other business activities, including acting as a paid consultant to

a South Korean conglomerate. "It's ludicrous to say that because you're running for President you can't eat," Haig retorts, eyes smoldering.

Long accustomed to deference and heavy staff support, Haig campaigns more like a front runner than a financially strapped dark horse. He careers through the South behind police motorcades. His staff tries to rent official-looking black limousines. In New Hampshire, Haig prefers suites in cozy inns to more practical, less costly motels. His aides refer to him as "the general."

Haig rarely misses his Sunday game of doubles tennis, and refuses to skip a board meeting. He is too proud to prostrate himself to politics. In a way, his business activities are a hedge against embarrassment. Whenever Haig is asked about losing, he defiantly retorts, "I'll smile all the way to the bank."

—By Alessandra Stanley



Lieut. Colonel Haig in Viet Nam in 1967



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American Notes



ILLINOIS Drug tax stamp

ARIZONA

More Trouble For Mechem

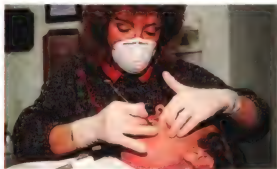
Arizona Governor Evan Mechem has faced charges of incompetence, racism and impropriety since he took office in 1987. Last week he faced more serious allegations of criminality. A grand jury indicted him on two counts of fraud and one count of filing a false report about a \$350,000 loan to his 1986 election campaign from a Tempe real estate developer. The Governor also faces three counts of perjury for not listing the loan on financial disclosure statements.

Mechem's brother Willard, who served as treasurer in his campaign, was indicted on three separate counts in the alleged scheme. Mechem reported the loan to the state last November, only after it was disclosed by reporters. The indictment was but the latest in a series of woes for the Governor, who faces possible impeachment proceedings in the Arizona legislature as well as an impending recall election.

AIDS

Running Out Of Gloves

Latex examining gloves are a common feature of health care. But fear of AIDS infection has produced a side effect: more



AIDS Masked and gloved in a Miami dentist's office

doctors, dentists and nurses than ever are using gloves, and some have become so cautious that they change pairs several times with a single patient. The result: a surge in demand, a doubling of prices and a growing shortage of gloves.

Consumption of gloves has quadrupled at some hospitals in the past year. In turn, manufacturers have difficulty meeting their contracts and are scrambling to increase output. Says John Strong, president of Health Care Materials Corp.: "Hospitals are within two to three days of not being able to do certain procedures." Industry sources say an element of hysteria has led some hospital employees who have no direct patient contact, like maintenance workers, to begin wearing gloves on the job. Other health-care workers are "double gloving" and in some cases wearing three layers of latex.

ILLINOIS

Licking Drugs With Stamps

In its battle against drugs, Illinois hopes to make crime pay. Last week the state legislature imposed a sales tax on marijuana, cocaine and other illegal drugs. The law will require dealers to purchase tax stamps that display either a marijuana leaf with a slash through it or a skull and crossbones, and affix them to packages of drugs. The price: \$5 per gram

of marijuana; \$250 per gram of cocaine and other drugs; and \$2,000 per 50 pills.

While the new issues may appeal to stamp collectors, legislators expect that drug dealers will ignore them—and open themselves to further criminal prosecution. Anyone caught selling drugs without the stamps faces up to three years in jail and a \$10,000 fine.

CURRENCY

A Columbus Copper Dollar?

It might not prop up the U.S. dollar abroad, but it could give the buck more weight at home. An alliance of Congressmen and business groups wants to replace the dollar bill with a gold-colored coin bearing the likeness of Christopher Columbus. The change would boost business for vending machines and could help the blind distinguish a dollar from larger denominations. It would also save money: coins last 13 times as long as the average greenback's 18-month life-span.

Although legislation was introduced in Congress last fall, so far the campaign for a hard dollar remains a shiny dream. "We're talking strictly public inertia," admits Jim Benfield, a lobbyist for the Coin Coalition, which includes copper interests and convenience stores. About half a billion of the last dollar-coin at-



NEW YORK CITY Robert Chambers

tempt, the forlorn Susan B. Anthony dollar that was issued eight years ago, collect dust in vaults across the country.

NEW YORK CITY

"No Sex, Only Death"

The defendant, Robert Chambers, 21, is 6 ft. 4 in. and 220 lbs. His victim, Jennifer Levin, 18, was 5 ft. 7 in. and 120 lbs. Yet when Chambers was arrested for killing Levin in August 1986, he claimed that the girl's death was her own fault: she hurt him so badly during a kinky sex act, said Chambers, that he inadvertently struck her, crushing her windpipe. Chambers had met Levin in an Upper East Side bar; later they went to Central Park, where he battered, partially nude body was discovered. The "preppy murder" drew national attention to underage drinking and sex in New York's prep school set.

Last week, at the opening of Chambers' trial, angry demonstrators protested what they called the defense's "blame the victim" strategy. Prosecuting Attorney Linda Fairstein, labeling Chambers a "consummate liar," promised to introduce evidence that the couple did not have intercourse. "There was no sex," she told the jury. "Only death." If convicted of second-degree murder, Chambers faces a possible life sentence.

World

LATIN AMERICA

Flames of Anger

Washington heats up its war against drugs south of the border

The fate of Enrique ("Kiki") Camarena Salazar still infuriates his colleagues in the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration. At 37, Camarena was an aggressive and resourceful U.S. drug agent, deftly juggling a network of contacts in his native Mexico and setting the stage for major busts. Three years ago, the muscular ex-Marine was kidnapped near the U.S. consulate in Guadalajara, savagely beaten and interrogated by nearly 50 inquisitors. A Mexican pilot employed by Camarena was kidnapped and beaten as well. A month later the bodies of the two men were discovered by the side of the road near a ranch some 65 miles away, bound, gagged and stuffed into plastic bags.

Camarena's horrible death deeply strained relations between Washington and Mexico City. Though Mexican officials eventually arrested more than 60 people in connection with the case, no one

has ever been convicted of the murder. Last week the U.S. moved to advance the probe as a federal grand jury in Los Angeles handed up indictments against nine defendants. (The U.S. claims jurisdiction because the murder of an American official anywhere in the world is a crime under federal law.)

Among the nine were Drug Barons Rafael Caro Quintero, 35, and Ernesto Fonseca Carrillo, 56, reputed leaders of Mexico's largest marijuana smuggling family and the principal targets of Camarena's investigations. Also charged, in what has become a familiar pattern of complicity between drug operators and those charged with stamping out their trade, were three former Mexican police officials. "In what we do for a living we depend on the integrity of our law enforcement counterparts," said DEA Chief John Lawn. "In the case of Kiki Camarena, that mutual trust failed."

The indictments came at a time when the U.S. campaign against the Latin drug

trade is being sorely tested. Four of the region's countries—Mexico, Colombia, Peru and Bolivia—are on the U.S. Government's list of seven "big producer" states targeted for maximum surveillance (the other three: Pakistan, Burma, Thailand). Latin America produces all the cocaine and nearly all the marijuana consumed in the U.S., dominating the illicit \$130 billion-a-year market.

Washington's drug war received a stunning setback two weeks ago when Colombian Billionaire Jorge Ochoa Vásquez, 38, a reputed drug baron, strolled out of Bogotá's La Picota prison armed with a writ for his release signed by a Colombian judge. Ochoa's ruthlessness is legendary: after the coke magnate was arrested in 1984 in Spain at the DEA's request, threats made against the lives of Americans residing in Bogotá became so widespread that U.S. embassy children were evacuated. Extradited to Colombia in 1986 on a bull-smuggling charge, Ochoa was improperly released in August and eluded

SONNETS—STONE

In Guadalajara, a soldier stands guard while \$80 million worth of cocaine is incinerated



authorities until last November, when highway patrolmen stopped him at a routine roadblock in southern Colombia. Washington, elated, immediately sought his extradition. Thus when Ochoa slipped away two weeks ago, a State Department spokesman resorted to distinctly un-diplomatic language, describing Ochoa's release as "disturbing."

Last week Colombian officials moved to repair the damage. Justice Minister Enrique Low Murtra announced that arrest warrants had been issued not only for Ochoa but also for four other leading members of the notorious Medellín Cartel, which supplies 75% of the cocaine consumed in the U.S. Once detained, Low vowed, all five would be extradited to the U.S. to stand trial on drug-related charges. Low also fired two top officials of La Picota.

Although U.S. officials still view the Bogotá government as one of the more cooperative in the narcotics war, Ochoa's release and the Mexican government's continued foot dragging on the Camarena case illustrate the formidable difficulties of the campaign against Latin drug lords. Says DEA Chief Lawn: "Unless Colombia and Mexico can address their problems, there's no way we can deal with the supply of drugs within our own borders."

Despite last week's indictments in the Camarena case, U.S. law enforcement officials believe that many of the culprits have not yet even been touched. These U.S. authorities charge that the Mexican government, by withholding evidence and refusing to share knowledge of the case, has engaged in a cover-up aimed at protecting officials far more highly placed than any so far indicted. "It's like pulling teeth," says a top DEA official. "We're making progress, but it's slow."

Kingpin Caro Quintero, who is reportedly worth \$500 million, came under suspicion immediately after Camarena's disappearance. Yet just two days later the federal police *comandante* in charge of the investigation, Armando Pavón Reyes, allowed the gangster to leave Guadalajara by private plane in the full view of three DEA agents. Records obtained by the DEA indicate that Pavón Reyes made a call from the hangar phone at Guadalajara to the office of Manuel Ibarra, then head of the federal police. Though the U.S. has no record of the conversation, DEA officials suspect that Ibarra was being asked to approve Caro Quintero's departure. Pavón Reyes, one of the officials indicted last week as an accessory, was convicted by Mexico in 1986 of taking a \$261,000 bribe for turning Caro Quintero loose; he was released last May. Ibarra has never been charged with a crime but resigned amid scandal in 1985.

DEA officials are far from satisfied with Mexico's subsequent handling of the case. The bodies of the

The Enforcers

Enrique Camarena Salazar, a resourceful U.S. drug agent in Mexico, was kidnapped and killed in 1985. U.S. Drug Enforcement Chief John Lawn is determined to bring those responsible to justice



Agent Camarena

DEA Director Lawn

agent and his pilot were discovered by a peasant near the village of La Angostura in the neighboring state of Michoacán late on March 5. Both were so decomposed that DEA agents who saw the bodies the next day were unable to recognize them: not until March 8 did a pathologist confirm their identities. Without benefit of forensic assistance, however, the Mexican Attorney General's office announced the discovery of the missing men's bodies, identifying them by name, early on March 6. Moreover, dirt found on the bodies did not match local soil, which suggested that they had been buried somewhere else earlier. Mexican investigators have never provided a convincing account of how or why the remains were moved.

Not long after the bodies were found, the DEA discovered that Camarena's kidnappers had taped their attempts to interrogate him on drug cases. Mexican federal authorities first denied that the tapes existed, and they have told several different stories about the discovery of the recordings. But after a personal appeal by U.S. Attorney General Edwin Meese, his

Mexican counterpart Sergio García Ramírez handed over copies of some tapes to DEA investigators, who have sought to identify the recorded voices. One of them, they say, matches that of René Martín Verdugo Urquidez, a Caro Quintero crony who is currently awaiting trial on drug charges in San Diego. He was among the nine indicted last week.

U.S. investigators are especially eager to identify Camarena's chief questioner, a man who spoke in the practiced manner of a police interrogator. At one point Camarena was heard answering him. "Sí, comandante." Partly on the basis of informants' claims, DEA officials believe the *comandante* was Sergio Espino Verdin, formerly chief in Guadalajara of a secret police unit run by the Interior Ministry. Espino Verdin, yet another of those indicted last week, was arrested by Mexican police last year and charged with Camarena's murder. But authorities have vetoed the agency's requests for extensive samples of his voice on tape so that they can be compared electronically with the interrogation recordings. Mexican officials also destroyed most of the physical evidence collected in the Guadalajara house owned by Caro Quintero where Camarena is believed to have been held.

Caro Quintero and Fonseca, imprisoned in 1985 for drug trafficking, are currently inmates of Mexico City's Reclusorio del Norte. But according to DEA agents who have visited the facility, their amenities there include private cooks, female companionship, liquor, access to a telephone and a Jacuzzi. Last summer the U.S. team that keeps an eye on the drug barons prevented them from getting the ultimate amenity: a private exit. The agents discovered a tunnel leading 800 ft. from two abandoned houses across from the prison toward their cellblock.

Besides accused Trafficker Verdugo Urquidez, two more of those indicted last week are already in U.S. custody for other offenses, and so will stand trial in American courts for their alleged roles in Camarena's murder. Of the remaining six, two are at large, probably in Mexico, and four are in Mexican custody. But under the extradition treaty between Mexico and the U.S., neither side is required to surrender its nationals to the other, and few observers expect Mexico to do so voluntarily. Most U.S. officials would be satisfied if Camarena's death were avenged by displays of rigorous prosecution on both sides of the border. Said U.S. Attorney Robert Bonner in Los Angeles: "Our first and foremost concern is that justice is done. If justice is done in Mexico, so be it." Unhappily, that is precisely what has not been done by Mexico for the past three years. —By William R. Doerner.

Reported by Elaine Shannon/Washington, with other bureaus

The Accused

The release of Jorge Ochoa Vázquez, a reputed cocaine baron, was a setback in the drug war. In the Camarena case, Marijuana Kingpin Rafael Caro Quintero was one of nine indicted



Billionaire Ochoa

Drug Mogul Quintero

World

MIDDLE EAST

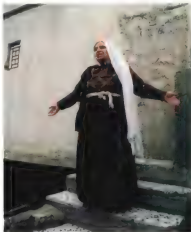
Deporting Their Troubles

Amid new violence, the U.S. again rebukes Israel at the U.N.

To find a symbol of resistance to Israel's occupation of Arab lands, one need look no further than the family of Mohammed Hamad. Since he fled Israel during the first Arab-Israeli war in 1948, Hamad, 60, has lived in the Kalandia refugee camp in the West Bank, north of Jerusalem. There he has fathered six of his eight sons. Each has displayed more anti-Israeli fervor than the last, and all but the eldest have served time in prison for offenses against Israeli military rule, which began after the 1967 Six-Day War. Three of Hamad's sons are now in prison, one is a fugitive, and another is in exile in Jordan. The Hamads' eight-room home has also been bricked up, a procedure often used by the Israelis to punish troublemakers.

Two weeks ago, Israeli soldiers entered a shabby camp dwelling, where some of the family now live, and took away Hamad's son Bashir, 26. Last week the Israeli government announced that Bashir, who was to have been married on Jan. 22, would be deported.

Bashir Hamad was one of nine Palestinians chosen for expulsion in the wake of the month-long rebellion that has swept through the occupied Gaza Strip



Bashir Hamad's mother at her sealed-up home

and West Bank. Though seven have already spent time in prison, six for involvement in terrorism, the Israeli army accused only three of directly fomenting the recent riots; the rest are asserted to be "hard-core agitators." Hamad, though not cited for involvement in the current

unrest, is accused of "organizing disturbances and participating in them" in his role as a leader of the Shabiba, a young men's group with close ties to the outlawed Palestine Liberation Organization. The Israelis say that 876 Palestinians have been deported since 1967, while the Arabs put the number at 2,500. Only 19 have been expelled since 1980.

Riots broke out in both Gaza and the West Bank just hours after the decision was announced. Each day last week Israeli leaders declared the fury spent, but each day it continued. Five more Palestinians died, bringing the total killed since early December to 27. The first to die was a West Bank woman shot in the chest—mistakenly, according to the Israeli military—while she was hanging out her wash. Some of the worst violence erupted in the Gaza refugee camp of Khan Yunis, where hundreds poured into the streets after they learned that an Islamic fundamentalist leader, Hassan Ghanayem Abu Shakra, 27, would be among those expelled. Soldiers at first held off the crowds with tear gas, rubber bullets and water cannons. But soon they resorted to live ammunition to ward off the protesters' hail of stones and debris.

"Deportations are the maximum deterrent we have today," said Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir. "We use it with people who cannot be reformed." Though the vast majority of Israelis agreed with Shamir, the decision was denounced by Israel's friends

On Patrol in Nablus

"Look!" says Private Dror, his eyes nervously scanning the street. "There are no youngsters over twelve in sight. Hell, where have they disappeared to?" The five Israeli soldiers from the Nahal unit quickly slip down a narrow alley. Four Palestinian youths peek briefly from between two houses. Seconds later, a hailstorm of stones and metal pieces pelts the patrol. Hugging the walls, the unit breaks apart. When it reassembles, Dror, 20, is breathless. Three masked men had hit him with rocks. "The bastards knew very well I couldn't do anything to them," he mutters to TIME's Ron Ben-Yishai. "They know our orders. They knew I would not shoot."

Temper flares and subside along the Israeli-occupied West Bank, but life is not getting any easier for the Nahal soldiers. The unit was dispatched last month to patrol the city of Nablus and its outskirts. The soldiers have been instructed to keep main roads open to traffic and to disperse small threatening crowds on the spot. If the group is large, they are under orders to call in a high-ranking officer. Their commander, Lieut. Colonel Yisrael, detests this assignment. "It's against

everything we teach them," he says. "We train them to use their guns when they are attacked. Here it's forbidden." Here the aggressor, more often than not, is a woman, child or student.

The dilemma is no less uncomfortable for the local residents. Dror, who speaks Arabic fluently, asks shopkeepers why their stores are closed. Says one: "I got a telephone call reminding me that there is a commerce strike for 21 days to protest the expulsions and killings." The call came from the Shabiba, a P.L.O.-affiliated youth group. A major instructs Dror, "Tell them to open the shops. Tell them we shall weld their doors shut and not let them open for a week." He points

to welding instruments. Ten minutes later most shops are open. Grumbles one Arab: "The Shabiba will burn my business down."

Dror is not indifferent to the Arabs' plight. "I don't know if I could live with foreign soldiers around me," he says. Still, this tour of duty has hardened many Israelis' political views. "In the past I was ready to give up some of the [occupied] territories," says Private Nir, 20. "Today I think that's impractical." As children return to the streets, soldiers offer candy. The youngsters accept, whispering "Shalom." For the soldiers, it is a welcome break from hostilities.



Red-bereted Israeli soldiers patrol the Askar refugee camp



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33. What is the usual way to make an amendment?
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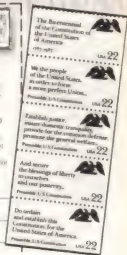
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and enemies alike. Declaring that the expulsions violated the Geneva Convention of 1949, the U.S. joined the other 14 members of the United Nations Security Council in demanding that Israel rescind the orders. It marked the first time that the Reagan Administration has voted for a resolution in the Security Council that criticizes Israel by name since 1982, when the group voted unanimously to condemn the Israeli military assault on Beirut during its invasion of Lebanon.

Benjamin Netanyahu, Israel's Ambassador to the U.N., labeled the Security Council a "kangaroo court" and declared, "We were frankly very disappointed that the U.S. joined in this exercise." Though several U.S. Jewish leaders have decried the Israeli use of live ammunition, they were nearly unanimous last week in rejecting the U.N. vote. Rabbi Alexander Schindler, president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, said the U.S. action "will be seen by the Palestinians as a license for further violence."

Nonetheless, a majority of the American public seemed to agree with the Administration's criticism of Israeli tactics during the riots. In a poll conducted last week for TIME by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman, 50% agreed that the Israelis had used "too much force" to quell the Palestinian protests, while only 23% said Israel had used "about the right amount." Fifty-six percent said Israel had in general treated the Palestinians living in the West Bank and Gaza unfairly, while only 16% thought they had been handled fairly. And 50% of those polled said the U.S. was right to criticize Israel, while 35% thought it was wrong.

The demonstrators got moral support from unexpected sources. After having his tour of the Kalandia camp cut short by rock throwing, Republican Senator John Chafee of Rhode Island faulted Israel's management of the crisis. Another visitor, British Foreign Office Junior Minister David Mellor, infuriated Israelis when he emerged from the Jabalia refugee camp in Gaza and called conditions in such camps an "affront to civilized values." He also sharply upbraided an Israeli army colonel for arresting a 14-year-old boy accused of throwing stones. "I saw no stones being thrown," Mellor told the stunned officer.

Despite the furor over expulsions, the nine Palestinians are not expected to be deported any time soon; all have filed appeals, the first step in a procedure that can take weeks. Meanwhile, some moderate Palestinian leaders talked of a campaign of civil disobedience. Few thought the scheme would succeed. But neither did anyone think that Israel's expulsions would stem the violence. Said Tayshir Hamad, brother of Bashir: "How many Palestinians have been deported since 1967? Thousands. But nothing has changed."

—By Michael S. Serrill

Reported by Jamil Hamad and Johanna McGarry/Jerusalem

*The survey was conducted by telephone with 1,804 adult Americans. The potential sampling error is plus or minus 3%.

AFGHANISTAN

In Search of the Nearest Exit

Moscow speeds up its campaign to bring Ivan home

After eight no-win years of engagement in the bloody Afghan war, the Soviets have made no secret of their impatience to get out. Just how impatient they are with the conflict, which has cost an estimated 20,000 Soviet and 1.2 million Afghan lives, became clearer last week during an official visit to Kabul by Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze. "We would like the year 1988 to be the last year of the stay of Soviet troops in your country," Shevardnadze told local reporters after two days of meetings with Afghan officials. Even more striking, the Foreign Minister hinted that Moscow was

about the significance of Shevardnadze's remarks until they show up as proposals at the U.N.-sponsored Afghan peace talks, which resume next month in Geneva. Said one Western official: "It is too soon to uncork the champagne." But both sides seem eager to lay the groundwork to make this next Geneva session the last.

The thorniest issue is how to constitute a government. Washington and Moscow would like to resolve the issue with some form of coalition between the ruling Afghan Communists and the *mujahedin*, but neither Afghan party likes the idea. Most *mujahedin* leaders reject outright



On their way out: Afghan civilians in Kabul bid goodbye to departing Soviet soldiers

But according to a wary Western official, "It's too soon to uncork the champagne."

ready to pull out without assurances that a pro-Soviet coalition government would remain behind. Instead, he implied, Moscow might settle for a nonaligned Kabul regime.

In a Washington press conference the next day, U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz responded with a mixture of tough talk and fresh signs of flexibility. He welcomed Shevardnadze's remarks as "desirable" and added that the initial Soviet withdrawal should be "front-end loaded," meaning that large numbers of the 115,000 Soviet troops in Afghanistan should pull out quickly "so that once it starts, there's a certain inevitability to it." Shultz added a new demand, insisting that all Soviet military aid to Afghanistan cease after the pull-out. On a conciliatory note, he reiterated that the U.S. would similarly cut off arms supplies for the *mujahedin*, Afghanistan's rebels. The U.S., he said, might taper off its arms shipments to the rebels as the Soviets retreated.

Western diplomats in Moscow indicated that they would reserve judgment

any suggestion of sharing power with the Afghan Communists, who will be powerless without their Soviet backers. U.S. Under Secretary of State Michael Armacost raised the issue with rebel leaders last week in Islamabad but made no headway. Said Sayed Ahmed Gilani, chief of the National Islamic Front for Afghanistan: "We told Mr. Armacost that the future government in Kabul will be 100% Afghan, without any Communist in it."

Shevardnadze apparently had no better luck in Kabul. Najibullah, a former Afghan secret-police chief installed as Afghanistan's Communist leader 20 months ago, has been angling to ensure his own domination of any future government. Shevardnadze appears to be growing impatient, and he issued a thinly veiled warning to Afghans who place "personal aspirations above the interests of the nation." Or, more to the point, above Moscow's determination to bring Ivan home.

—By Edward W. Desmond

Reported by Mohammed Afab/Islamabad and Nancy Traver/Washington

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World

HAITI

Voting with Their Feet

Many threaten to boycott an election that promises to be a sham

A voodoo priest in the southern region of Grande Anse, famed for his clairvoyant powers, foresees blood in Haiti's immediate future. He is not alone. A young woman who identifies herself only as Monique has piled her four small children onto a crowded bus that is heading for the boondocks. Like many others who live in the slums that surround Port-au-Prince, Monique does not want to be anywhere near the capital city during the election scheduled this Sunday. "I'm disappearing," she whispers, her eyes darting to see if she has been overheard. South of the capital in the tiny port town of Miragoâne, a doctor gives fuller voice to the fear: "It is only with bayonets they will get these people to vote."

The prognoses for Haiti's pending election vary, but none are promising. At best, the election will simply be called off. At worst, Haitians predict a bloodbath of the sort that brought last November's presidential contest to a halt just three hours into the balloting. Many Haitians are now forecasting that if Brigadier General Henri Namphy, head of the ruling junta, feels he cannot impose his choice of a President on the rest of the army, he will postpone or cancel the voting. From Port-au-Prince to Washington, virtually everybody seems to discount the possibility of a fair contest. Says a politician who ran for the Senate two months ago but refuses to participate this time: "There is nothing

certain about these elections except that they will be a sham."

Certainly, voters will not be offered the full range of presidential candidates. The opposition's four leading contenders, who were expected to take 80% of the vote last November, are refusing to par-



Namphy remains the most important constituent

ticipate. Instead, they have called for an election boycott that is supported by some 50 civic, religious and community associations throughout Haiti. Of the 22 candidates registered for the race, twelve were associates of the former Duvalier dictatorship; under the new constitution, that should prevent them from running for public office for a decade. All twelve were disqualified from the November contest. At the end of last week Namphy, in an apparent bid to lend the elections credibility, again sidelined the Duvalierist candidates. Namphy's personal favorite is Gerard Philippe Auguste, a little-known agronomist who heads one of Haiti's oldest populist parties.

The legislative election promises to be even more of a farce. As of last week the newly seated election council, handpicked by Namphy, could not furnish the name of a single candidate for any of the 27 Senate or 77 Chamber of Deputy seats. Moreover, election conditions will hardly be democratic. Under a new electoral law, soldiers will be permitted to enter polling places, but independent observers and journalists will not. The new law also requires voters to show officials their marked ballots.

Both in Port-au-Prince and Washington, there have been calls for a multinational peacekeeping force to ensure fair and peaceful elections. But neither the Reagan Administration nor leaders of other Caribbean nations have embraced the proposal. Instead, Haiti's allies have voiced support for the elections, then adopted a wait-and-see attitude.

—By Jill Smolowe

Reported by Bernard Diederich/Miami

SOVIET UNION

Patients' Rights

An end to abuses?

One of the most chilling by-products of the Kremlin's aversion to protest has been its use of the Soviet mental-health-care system as an instrument for suppressing dissent. An untold number of dissidents have been clapped into mental hospitals and sometimes kept under control with mind-numbing drugs. Now, under Mikhail Gorbachev's policy of *glasnost*, or openness, Soviet psychiatric practices are finally getting what could prove to be a cathartic airing. Amid demands for reform, the Soviet press has begun printing stories of abuse, corruption and incompetence within the psychiatric establishment. On the political front, Western analysts note that since last spring, the government has released some two dozen dissidents who had been held in psychiatric institutions.

Last week Moscow took yet another reformist step by announcing that broad new legal rights would be granted to mental patients and their families. The regulations, as described by the official news agency TASS, "provide legal guarantees against possible errors and malpractice." Among other things, relatives will be given the right to legal redress of doctors' decisions concerning the confinement or treatment of a patient. The provisions also make the "illegal commitment of a patently healthy person to a mental hospital a criminal offense." Significantly, authority over an unspecified number of so-called special psychiatric hospitals will be transferred from the Ministry of Interior, which has control over the internal security forces, to the Ministry of Health. It is in these "special" hospitals that political dissidents have usually been confined.

If enforced, the law would be a significant step toward abolishing long-criticized practices. The accompanying press campaign seems to indicate that the regime means business. Recent articles

have told of how local militia obtained psychiatric commitment orders for people who had done little more than complain about their neighbors or threatened to expose instances of corruption to higher authorities. There has been no suggestion by the Soviet press, however, that such abuses were sanctioned by high officials for political purposes.

Whether the new law actually reduces the power of the authorities to use psychiatric confinement as punishment could be put to an early test. Members of a Moscow-based group called Press Club *Glasnost*, composed mostly of former political prisoners, last week pointed to the case of Lev Ubozhko, 54, a Moscow dissident who spent 15 years in psychiatric hospitals before being freed last spring. They said Ubozhko had been rearrested and was being held in a psychiatric hospital at Chelyabinsk in the Urals, where he was taken after the director of a Moscow hospital refused to admit him on the ground that he appeared to be healthy.

World

AUSTRIA

Trapped in the Eye of the Storm

An ever more isolated Waldheim awaits the historians' verdict

In the baroque splendor of his 18th-century offices, Kurt Waldheim entertains few visitors. The Austrian President spends his days huddling with aides—dubbed the “bunker boys” by sharp-tongued colleagues—or performing ceremonial functions. He lingers at receptions, hoping that people will talk to him and, more important, be seen talking to him. Asked whether Waldheim would be welcome at the royal court in Stockholm, Swedish Foreign Minister Sten Andersson diplomatically replied, “The problem

vigorous campaign this month to clear his name finally. Their heaviest ammunition was a 299-page “white book” prepared on Waldheim’s behalf by Foreign Ministry officials. Titled *Kurt Waldheim’s War-time Years: A Documentation*, the work asserts that all charges against him have been proved false. It repeats claims that Waldheim had no involvement in atrocities committed by German army units to which he was assigned between 1942 and 1944. The troops carried out brutal reprisals against Yugoslav resistance fighters

analyst who has studied Waldheim’s record. “He has to be seen in the context of the war of extermination in the Balkans.”

To plead Waldheim’s case, Vienna last week dispatched Fritz Molden, a filmmaker and World War II resistance hero, on a tour of the U.S. and Britain. Molden, who helped hire Waldheim for the Austrian Foreign Ministry after the war but insists that he is not a close friend, said he undertook the mission for Austria’s sake. Accompanied by Ralph Scheide, a Waldheim aide and co-author of the white paper, Molden called the Austrian President the victim of a smear campaign. “If you pour two gallons of manure over somebody, he will smell,” Molden said, “and then you can say that he stinks.” Scheide argued that the case against Waldheim has dwindled to charges that he knew of Nazi atrocities. “Of course he knew,” Scheide conceded. “So did everyone else.” Such arguments did not impress the Justice Department, which last year barred Waldheim from entering the U.S. under a law aimed at undesirable aliens.



Embattled leader: the President takes his case to the people in a nationally televised address. A pariah abroad and an embarrassment to many of his fellow citizens at home.

does not arise. His Majesty’s program is booked solid for years, and your question is therefore purely academic.”

Waldheim’s plight, though, is a painfully public matter. Since he was elected President 18 months ago, he has become a pariah abroad and an embarrassment to some Austrians at home. The controversy over Waldheim’s World War II record continues to dominate headlines and the Viennese cocktail circuit. Even many Austrians now call for his resignation. Though he drew 54% of the vote, a poll taken in December for the monthly magazine *Wiener* found that 50% of those surveyed wanted him to quit. The pressure for Waldheim to leave is expected to increase next month, when an international panel of historians appointed by the Austrian government releases its long-awaited report on his wartime activities. Yet Waldheim insists that he will complete his six-year term. Says he: “I am a President for Austrians, and not for abroad.”

Waldheim’s defenders launched a

and deported Greek Jews to Nazi death camps. The book further asserts that Waldheim dropped all mention of his Balkans service from the 278-page English-language edition of his 1985 memoir, *In the Eye of the Storm*, only to meet space requirements.

The white book created a split within Austria’s coalition government. The Socialist Party resisted printing or distributing the work as an official document. It was finally published by a private firm.

The book is unlikely to convince Waldheim’s detractors. While critics concede that Waldheim may not personally have committed war crimes, they maintain that he must have known about them as an interpreter with the rank of lieutenant and later as an intelligence officer. They insist that he then strove for four decades to conceal his knowledge. “It cannot suffice to describe Waldheim as a small wheel within wheels who saw nothing, heard nothing and knew nothing,” says Hubertus Czernin, a Viennese jour-

In debating the Waldheim furor, some Austrians have displayed an insensitivity toward the President’s Jewish critics that has sometimes curled into outright anti-Semitism. Michael Graff, secretary-general of the People’s Party, was forced to resign last month after he told the French magazine *L’Express* that Waldheim had “no problem” unless he could be proved to have “strangled six Jews single-handedly.” On the other hand, in Vienna last week, three neo-Nazis interrupted a nationally televised ceremony honoring Nazi hunter Simon Wiesenthal with repeated shouts of “Murderer!” When the program’s host asked the audience to show its disapproval by giving Wiesenthal a standing ovation, the listeners responded with fervent applause.

The President’s fate may now rest with a seven-member commission that has been poring over Waldheim’s war record since September. Chaired by Hans Rudolf Kurz, a Swiss military historian, the panel has met for a week each month to sift 30 pounds of documents in the red silk-lined chambers of the Austrian State Archives. Scheduled to release its report on Feb. 2, the commission seems certain to go beyond the narrow question of whether Waldheim committed war crimes and to explore such issues as how much Waldheim knew and whether he acted to save lives.

Waldheim has vowed not to be bound by the panel’s findings. He is busily making plans for the spring, and will greet Pope John Paul II in June when he visits Austria, which is 85% Roman Catholic. When the Pontiff met Waldheim at the Vatican last summer, the audience drew protests from the international Jewish community. This time the Vatican pointed out that John Paul’s upcoming encounters with Waldheim are standard protocol for papal trips abroad. —By John Greenwood. Reported by Gertraud Lessing/Vienna



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World Notes



SAUDI ARABIA Imported worker



SOVIET UNION View of the former Brezhnev



THE PHILIPPINES Surprise Witness Barcelona

SAUDI ARABIA

The Taxman Goeth

Royal Decree M/13 struck the 4 million foreigners living in Saudi Arabia with the force of a sandstorm. Prompted by sagging oil prices and a projected \$10 billion budget deficit, King Fahd declared by edict last week that foreigners, including 35,000 Americans, must pay income taxes of up to 30% for individuals and 45% for companies.

But His Majesty did not count on the reaction of the thousands of expatriate doctors, engineers and other skilled workers. Upon hearing the news, for example, the entire medical staff at a Riyadh hospital threatened to resign. Within 48 hours, Fahd had rescinded the decree. Although the door was left open for a future income tax, the Saudis seem to prefer losing the money rather than the labor.

TRIALS

Intimidating Tactics

In a high-security Düsseldorf courtroom, Lebanon-born Abbas Hamadei went on trial last week in a proceeding watched closely by Western governments. Hamadei, 29, is charged with kidnapping West Germans Rudolf Cordes and

Alfred Schmidt in Beirut a year ago. His alleged aim: to bargain for the release of his brother Mohammed, 23, who is awaiting trial in Frankfurt for the June 1985 hijacking of a TWA jet and the murder of one of its passengers, U.S. Navy Diver Robert Stethem.

Abbas Hamadei was captured last January at Frankfurt airport. One of his alleged kidnapping victims, Schmidt, has since been released as a "goodwill gesture." As for Cordes, on the eve of the trial his keepers released his photograph along with a note urging West German authorities to "consider what happens in the coming days and draw the consequences." Bonn did not blink. Declared Klaus Arend, the presiding judge: "We would lose sight of our duty if we were to succumb to pressure."

SOVIET UNION

What's in A Name?

Leonid Brezhnev is no hero to Mikhail Gorbachev, who has dubbed his predecessor's 18-year reign the "era of stagnation." Still, there are reminders of that reign all over the Soviet Union, where everything from an icebreaker to a whole city bears Brezhnev's name. Last week, in a two-paragraph dispatch, the TASS news agency announced that three of those reminders are being eliminated.

The city of Brezhnev, on

the Volga River, returns to the far more poetic Naberezhniye Chelny (Dugout Canoes on the Riverbank). The Moscow suburb of Brezhnev is once again Cheryomushky Rayon (Cherry Tree District). In Leningrad, Brezhnev Square reverts to the Krasnogvardeiskaya Ploshchad (Red Guards Square). Not since Joseph Stalin's name was wiped from the city of Stalingrad (now Volgograd) and the country's highest mountain (now Peak of Communism) in the late 1950s has a Soviet leader been so posthumously disgraced. No word yet on whether the nuclear-powered icebreaker, the cosmonaut-training center, the military academy, the power station, the tank division and the assorted farms and factories that still carry the Brezhnev name will undergo an identity change.

THE PHILIPPINES

Better Late Than Never

"I saw the soldier point the gun at the nape of the man in white," Manila Airport Worker Jessie Barcelona told a hushed Manila courtroom last week. "The gun went off. The man in white toppled forward." The man in white was Benigno (Ninoy) Aquino Jr., the Philippine opposition leader whose assassination in 1983 gave the initial spark to the rebellion that later ousted Presi-

dent Ferdinand Marcos and installed in his place Aquino's widow Corason.

Barcelona, who came forward after four years of silence, is the first person to claim that he actually witnessed Aquino's slaying. The airport worker said he was in a tow truck 50 ft. from the opposition leader when he saw one of Marcos' soldiers fire the fatal shot. Barcelona's testimony emerged during the trial of 40 defendants, including 36 military men, for Aquino's murder. Why didn't Barcelona tell his story earlier? "I felt my life was in danger," he explained in an affidavit.

DENMARK

New Status for Gay "Partners"

Denmark is about to become the first country in the world to grant homosexuals the legal status of married couples. A bill introduced in parliament last week provides that gay couples registering as "partners" will automatically gain the same rights to inheritance and tax deductions, the same access to social services and the same obligation to pay alimony as a husband and wife.

The measure, supported by a majority of members in the 179-seat Folketing, is expected to become law July 1. Hoping to mute criticism, the bill's sponsors included a provision precluding gays from adopting children.

Economy & Business

Wild Bears On the Loose

What should be done to calm Wall Street?

There it was again—the harrowing, sinking feeling that has become all too familiar on Wall Street. Pessimism verging on panic. Stock prices plunging in a free fall. Last Friday the Dow Jones industrial average suffered its third largest drop in history, plummeting 140.58 points to close at 1911.31. Fortunately, the worst of the rout began after 2:30 p.m., and there was not enough time for a full-fledged disaster before the New York Stock Exchange's 4 p.m. closing bell. By the end of the day, however, traders could not help but think back to the 108.36-point fall on Friday, Oct. 16, that set the stage for Black Monday, Oct. 19, when the Dow fell 508 points. The question on everyone's mind: Could it happen again?

Friday's decline more than wiped out the four previous days of healthy stock advances spurred by an unexpected rally of the dollar, which was bolstered by the intervention of central banks in the currency markets (see following story). For the week, the Dow was down 27.52 points. As usual, there was a logical, if contorted, economic explanation of why investor sentiment so abruptly turned bearish. The problem started when the Government announced that the U.S. unemployment rate had fallen from 5.9% in November to 5.8% in December, its lowest level since 1979. To most people, that sounds like good news, but nobody has ever accused Wall Streeters of thinking like most people. To a bond trader, lower unemployment means faster growth, more inflation and higher interest rates. So bond prices slumped, and that triggered a drop in stocks. Investors were also concerned because the dollar started dipping again on Friday and because they feared that Government figures on the mammoth U.S. trade deficit due for release this week would show little or no reduction.

But none of this could adequately explain why the Dow dropped 90 points in just 45 minutes late on Friday. Experts quickly pointed out that the slide was accelerated, as other swings have been during the past two years, by computerized program trading of large blocks of stocks and stock-index futures. The debacle raised anew questions that have been hotly debated since October: Is the new high-tech volatility of stock prices out of control? Are investors vulnerable to a crash at any time if reforms are not undertaken to shore up the market's stability?

In the aftermath of Black Monday, more than a dozen investigative bodies have been probing those issues. Last Friday, in a case of remarkably appropriate timing, the most prominent of these groups—the Presidential Commission headed by Investment Banker Nicholas Brady—released its eagerly awaited report just after the market closed. The conclusion of the five-member commission* was

*The members include Brady, chairman of Dillon Read, James Coting, chairman of Navistar International, Robert Kirby, chairman of Capital Guardian Trust, Robert Stein, chairman of Dreyfus, and John Opel, former chairman of IBM.



A specialist, right, at work on the floor of the New

clear: sweeping reforms are in fact needed to guard against market meltdowns.

The Brady report says that while the Black Monday crash was triggered by fundamental problems like the trade deficit, it was exacerbated by the complex and poorly controlled interactions between the New York Stock Exchange and the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, which dominates the trading of stock-index futures. If dangerous stock dives are to be avoided, the Brady group contends, Chicago and New York will have to play by similar rules. The commission's central recommendation is that one agency—preferably the Federal Reserve—coordinate the activities of all U.S. financial markets. Currently, the Securities

and Exchange Commission regulates the stock exchanges and the Commodity Futures Trading Commission oversees the Chicago Merc and other exchanges that deal in stock-index futures.

The commission's proposal would bring under one master two radically different kinds of markets. An investor who buys stock gets tangible shares of a corporation, which can be held for the long term. The person who buys or sells a stock-index future, in contrast, is making a short-term bet on which direction the overall market is going to go in the near future, usually a month

**Trading stock-index futures
in a pit at the Chicago Merc**





York Stock Exchange: "There is just not enough buying power in times of emergency"

or less. Thus the Chicago Merc is used primarily by brokerage firms and speculators seeking quick profits, and by money managers who want to hedge their portfolios against losses in the stock market. The rules of the two games are wildly disparate. In the stock market, the margin requirement—the percentage of down payment that an investor must make to buy shares on credit—is 50%. In Chicago, investors can buy into the futures market with as little as 12% of the value of the contract purchased.

As different as the two markets are, they have become inextricably linked through the computerized trading strategies carried out by big brokerage houses, pension fund managers and other institu-

tional investors. One variation is called index arbitrage, in which traders try to make swift, sure profits by taking advantage of temporary discrepancies between the prices of stock-index futures and the actual stocks that make up the index. A related gimmick is portfolio insurance, in which money managers sell stock-index futures during a market decline to guard themselves against losses. Heavy use of these strategies can produce violent price swings in the stock market.

The Brady report identified portfolio insurance and index arbitrage as culprits in the Oct. 19 crash. Desperate to cut their losses when the stock market began to fall, money managers sold huge numbers of futures contracts. So many traders were following the same strategy that the downward spiral of prices accelerated in both New York and Chicago, and everyone got burned.

Since portfolio insurance offered no protection to those who tried it on Black Monday, the technique has fallen into disrepute and relative disuse. But profitable index arbitrage is still popular and may have been responsible for a big part of last Friday's plunge. The Brady report suggested that such volatility might be curbed if the 12% margin needed for buying a stock-index future were brought more into line with the 50% required for stocks. That might dampen speculation at the Chicago Merc. Critics of this idea, however, point out that the big institutions that play the index arbitrage game generally pay cash for their contracts.

Far more controversial was the Brady commission's recommendation that financial markets establish "circuit break-

ers" to stop trading when things get out of control. These safeguards, said the report, might include limits on how much the price of a stock could rise or fall in a day. That idea, leaked to the press before the report was actually released, provoked vehement protests on Wall Street. "It's ridiculous," scoffed Alan Greenberg, chairman of Bear Stearns. "If a stock wants to go down, let it go down."

At a press conference held to announce the commission's recommendations, Brady insisted that the group had brought up price limits only as one of several possibilities. The point the commission wanted to make, said Brady, was that whatever circuit breakers are chosen, they should be coordinated between both financial exchanges. At present Chicago and New York do not agree on the issue. After the crash, the Merc imposed daily limits on price swings. The New York Stock Exchange has long used a different safeguard: trading in a stock is halted only when there is an overwhelming imbalance in buy and sell orders.

Getting the Merc and the Big Board to see eye-to-eye will not be an easy task. The two exchanges are archrivals for the investor's dollar, and both have strong-willed leaders who believe in their way of doing things. On one side is N.Y.S.E. Chairman John Phelan, who has warned of the dangers of the rapid growth of speculative trading in Chicago. Two days after the crash he asked for a temporary halt to certain types of program trading, and he has suggested that the practice be permanently restricted. "If we destroy the markets by too much volatility," he has said, "we ruin their credibility."

Two weeks ago, a study done for the N.Y.S.E. by Nicholas Katzenbach, the former U.S. Attorney General, pointed the finger at Chicago. The report called for curbs on program trading and stiffer margin requirements on stock-index futures. Said Katzenbach: "The Chicago market is a made-for-speculation market, but



Phelan accuses program trading
Too much volatility can destroy credibility.



Melamed blames the Big Board
"This business will be somewhere, if not here."

Economy & Business

it leads New York around by the nose."

Chicago's leading defender is the feisty Leo Melamed, chairman of the executive committee of the Merc and one of the pioneers of stock-index futures. He argues that increasing margin requirements will chase investors away from Chicago. "This business will be somewhere, if it's not here," he warns. "In London or, more likely, Japan."

Melamed contends, with much justification, that crash investigators should look not at the trading pits of the Merc but at the specialist posts on the floor of the Big Board. The specialists are supposed to moderate price swings by "making a market" in particular stocks—buying, if necessary, when no one else wants to. But on Black Monday the system virtually collapsed. Many of the 450 specialists were unable or unwilling to spend enough money to keep their stocks from going into free fall. Several specialist firms exhausted their capital and went out of business or were absorbed by bigger brokerage houses. The exchange, since then, has

been reviewing what happened to the prices of individual stocks in the crash. One such stock, that of the J.P. Morgan banking company, closed at 27.75 on Black Monday, but opened at 47 the next morning, an extraordinary leap in the face of a bear market. Last week, after an investigation into Morgan's erratic movements, Spear, Leeds & Kellogg, the largest specialist firm on the N.Y.S.E., "voluntarily surrendered" its right to make a market in the stock.

The Brady commission did not highlight the role of the specialist, but that may be a major topic of the report expected to be released this month by the Securities and Exchange Commission. SEC Chairman David Ruder contends that a way must be found to provide a much larger pool of capital for the specialists. Says he: "There is just not enough buying power in times of emergency."

Congress is also pondering what ac-

tion to take. Next month the Senate Banking Committee and the House Telecommunications Subcommittee will conduct hearings on the crash. For one thing, the committees may look into charges that trading in futures contracts based on the Major Market Index, a basket of 20 blue-chip stocks, was manipulated by several major investors on Oct. 20 to trigger an artificial rally in the stock market. The Commodity Futures Trading Commission investigated the accusation and found no evidence of wrongdoing, but the issue will not go away. Says one Senate Banking Committee staffer: "We want to see if the C.F.T.C. report is a whitewash."

A broad consensus is emerging that at least some reforms are needed. But no one seems to agree on just what should be done. The question now is whether New York and Chicago can resolve their differences before they are engulfed by another crash.

—By Philip Elmer-Dowitt
Reported by Lisa Kartus/Chicago and Frederick
Lingeheuer/New York

Billionaire on the Griddle

It was 6 a.m. on the second day of the new year, and Ronald Li, reputed to be the third richest man in Hong Kong, was still sleeping, when four officers of the government's special anticorruption unit suddenly turned up at his home on the colony's fashionable Shousun Hill. After rousing Li, the former chairman of the Stock Exchange of Hong Kong, the officers thoroughly searched his luxurious three-story house. Then they led away the 58-year-old billionaire, who had hurriedly donned a turtle-neck sweater and sports jacket. At the same time, other government squads were arresting two of Li's closest associates: Jeffrey Sun, former chief executive of the stock exchange, and Donald Tsang, who heads the exchange department in charge of new stock listings. The three men were taken to the operations headquarters of the government's Independent Commission Against Corruption, held for ten hours and released on bail totaling nearly \$2 million. Though no charges were filed against them, their travel documents were confiscated.

The arrests created an instant sensation in the highly charged financial community of Hong Kong. Not only did the authorities collar one of the colony's most celebrated tycoons, they also added fuel to the controversy that has engulfed the Hong Kong Stock Exchange ever since Li shut it down for four days during the global financial crash last October. At a stormy news conference held when trading resumed, the contentious Li argued that he had given investors a chance to calm down. But his action had the opposite effect: it created a pent-up pressure to sell. After the exchange reopened, the Hang Seng stock index plunged by 33% in a single day, to 2241.69.

Critics suspected that the exchange was closed in a desperate effort to minimize members' losses. If that is true, the strategy did not work. Had the government not jumped in

with \$512 million in emergency loans, 39 of the 250 stock-index futures dealers might have failed. A brokerage that Li controlled took a terrible beating during the crash. As stock values plummeted, Li's personal fortune, estimated at \$2 billion, may have dropped to \$1.3 billion.

Though attention has focused on Li's closing of the exchange, that seems to have had nothing to do with his arrest. Officials say his detention resulted from a probe, launched before the crash, of the exchange's operations. The Hong Kong market, which has been almost unregulated, is known for its anything-goes philosophy. Insider trading is not discouraged, much less prosecuted, and there are few financial disclosure requirements for companies that list shares on the exchange.

Li, who inherited a family business that included shipping interests, multiplied his money through astute investments in stocks and real estate around the world. He helped set up the Far East Stock Exchange in 1969 and then merged it with three similar operations in 1986 to form the Hong Kong Exchange. Critics say Li has run the operation as a club for a small group of Hong Kong businessmen. Reports have circulated, for example, that preferred investors have been able to buy new issues at artificially low prices.

The government has made no such accusations against Li and has not said whether he will face any charges at all. But the authorities have moved to overhaul the exchange's management. Li had given up the title of chairman in December because of a rule limiting him to two consecutive one-year terms. Now he and his closest associates, including Sun and Tsang, have been excluded from the exchange's reorganized governing committee. Some Hong Kong traders were concerned about how the market would react to Li's arrest. Investors, however, seemed to applaud the government's crackdown. Last week the Hang Seng index rose 6.5%, to 2452.52, though it still stood nearly 40% below the peak it had reached before the crash.

—By William Stewart/Hong Kong



A feisty Li confronts the Hong Kong press in October

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL O'NEILL



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Teaming Up to Rescue the Dollar

Central bankers spend a bundle to boost a fragile currency

For Currency Trader Randall Holland, the first working day of 1988 started last Monday with an urgent 2 a.m. phone call from Tokyo. Jolted out of bed, Holland, who works for Wall Street's Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, listened groggily as an excited colleague in Japan reported that the U.S. dollar was moving in a sharp and startling new direction: upward. Skeptical of the currency's mysterious strength, Holland gave orders to sell part of the firm's dollar holdings, then went back to sleep. At 4 a.m. the phone jangled again. This time it was a London colleague calling to report that the dollar's rally was gaining momentum. Holland, abandoning any hope of getting back to sleep, put on a robe and padded into his den, where his computer terminal graphically displayed the dollar's takeoff. "Holy smoke, something is happening!" the trader exclaimed before jumping into his

on Friday in reaction to estimates that the U.S. budget deficit would balloon once again in fiscal 1989.

The concerted central-bank intervention marked the most aggressive effort so far to moderate the decline in the dollar that was deliberately set in motion in September 1985 by the major industrial democracies. Since then, the dollar's 50% drop against the yen and the mark has made American goods cheaper—and thus more competitive—in world markets. But by last February the industrial countries proclaimed that the dollar's fall had reached a point of diminishing returns. The governments of Japan and West Germany, among others, began intervening in the market to cushion the sliding American currency. The U.S., however, was reluctant to intervene wholeheartedly because it wanted to reduce the stubbornly large trade deficit.

chases, even at a loss, while speculators constantly churn their holdings. Moreover, last week's intervention was far more aggressive and flamboyant than usual. The Fed, which generally makes orders in \$10 million batches, was trading marks for dollars in king-size packages of \$25 million. Normally the Fed would carry out such transactions stealthily. But last week a Fed official reportedly went so far as to encourage a trader at a major bank to talk about the Government's big move in a TV interview.

The central banks handily accomplished their short-term goal. "They have sent a message: It is no longer a sure thing to bet against the dollar," says Robert Hormats, vice chairman of the Goldman Sachs International investment firm. Intervention, however, can be used only for fine tuning a currency's general direction. Too much intervening can disrupt a country's domestic economy. West Germany in particular is getting weary of issuing so much of its own currency to trade for dollars, a process that can lead to inflation.



clothes and hailing a cab for Wall Street. "They apparently mean business."

Holland was right. "They"—the central bankers of the world's industrial countries—were launching a major surprise mission to rescue the dollar from its perilous slide. The Federal Reserve and other central bankers intervened by unleashing a flood of orders to trade Japanese yen, West German marks and other denominations for the dollar. The strategy worked stunningly, sending traders scrambling to move in the same direction. Said Holland: "You don't make money by challenging the Fed. You could get squished trying to do that."

The dollar, after opening in Tokyo Monday at a post-World War II low of 120.45 yen, rocketed to 129.45 by Thursday in New York. Against the West German currency, the greenback jumped from a record low of 1.56 marks on Monday to a week's high of 1.65. But no one could say whether the dollar's comeback could endure. The fragile currency backslid somewhat against the yen and mark

The dollar continued to slip even though foreign governments spent almost \$100 billion during 1987 to prop up the currency. By late December the dollar went into a nose dive. Unbeknown to most traders, though, the central bankers were quietly baiting a so-called bear trap, in which they aimed to punish speculators who had been reaping profits by consistently betting on the dollar's downfall. They secretly agreed to launch a dollar-buying binge when the currency hit a floor price, possibly at 120 yen. At first only the Bank of Japan came to the rescue. Then all at once last Monday, money-men from central banks around the world—including the Federal Reserve—got on the phones to place buy orders.

The amount the governments spent on their intervention, an estimated \$6 billion last week, is dwarfed by the total amount of dollar trading, some \$150 billion, that swirls through the currency markets each day. But the central banks can move the market because of their resolute purpose: they hold on to their pur-

The only way to stabilize the drooping dollar over the long term is through fundamental economic changes, notably by reducing the federal budget deficit. Without such measures, the Fed may eventually be forced to support the dollar by putting upward pressure on U.S. interest rates. But that step presents a painful election-year dilemma for Fed Chairman Alan Greenspan, particularly in the wake of October's stock crash, since any rise in interest rates might send the U.S. and world economies into a recession.

The next turning point may come this Friday, when the Government releases the U.S. trade-deficit figure for November. If the deficit shrinks from October's \$17.6 billion to \$15 billion or less, the financial markets are likely to take this as evidence that the dollar has fallen enough to begin remedying the problem. But if the gap remains wide, the beleaguered dollar may need an even more costly rescue mission. —By Stephen Koepf, Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington and Thomas McCarroll/New York

Rogerama Comes to the Waldorf

General Motors stages a \$20 million show of confidence

The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City routinely plays host to Presidents, Prime Ministers and tycoons. But even for that glittering hostelry, the lavish auto show that General Motors put on last week was something special. During a three-day extravaganza, punctuated by a black-tie dinner and bubbly receptions, an army of executives and engineers greeted some 16,000 invited guests: GM stockholders and workers, Wall Street analysts, suppliers, mayors, even teachers and schoolchildren. On display in the Waldorf ballrooms was a dizzying array of 24 GM cars and trucks, ranging from the rugged GMC Sierra Pickup to the sleek solar-powered Sunrayer that won the 1,950-mile World Solar Challenge race across Australia in November.

The spectacular road show and an accompanying ad campaign, which reportedly cost GM a total of \$20 million, are an unabashed effort to polish up the company's rusty image during a period of declining sales and slumping profits and to bolster employee morale after a two-year wave of layoffs. Kicking off the affair with what he called a "progress report," Chairman Roger Smith, 62, asserted that GM is rebuilding consumer confidence in its cars with competitive pricing, superior technology and eye-catching style. The vehicles around him, Smith said, were proof of a "GM that can maintain its world leadership, a GM that all of us can continue to be proud of."

GM won mixed reviews for its show, which its employees dubbed "Rogerama," a reference to the splashy Motorama auto shows that the company held at the Waldorf a generation ago. Said Thomas J. Peters, a management consultant and co-author of the best-selling book *In Search of Excellence*: "This show is pathetic in the deepest sense of the word. GM does not have a p.r. problem, it has a car problem." Peters and other detractors maintain that consumers have been turned off by GM's lack of innovation and its look-alike designs, which have made it hard to tell a Chevrolet Celebrity from the more expensive Buick Century.

Although last year was tough for all American automakers, GM fared especially poorly. While GM car sales in the U.S. fell some 21% from 4.7 million in 1986 to 3.7 million in 1987, Ford

sales declined only 1%, to 2 million cars. In just one year, GM's U.S. market share shrank from 41% to 37%, while Ford's grew from 18% to 20%. Moreover, by earning more on each car, Ford continued to rack up bigger profits than its much larger rival. Through the first nine months of 1987, GM earned \$2.7 billion on revenues of \$75.4 billion, but Ford cleared \$3.7 billion on \$52.9 billion.

Smith maintains that GM will soon emerge from its painful corporate restructuring as a leaner, more efficient and much more profitable company. Since 1986 the company has eliminated nearly 30,000 salaried employees, or about 4% of



Smith brought along sizzling cars like the Pontiac Banshee

its work force, and has begun closing down operations at 16 plants. But it has also invested \$50 billion to build eight new plants and modernize 19 others. Says GM President Robert Stempel, 54: "That's the long-term approach. Roger could have forced us to concentrate on short-term earnings, but he didn't."

GM showed some flair with its popu-

lar Chevrolet Beretta and Corsica concepts introduced last year. Now the company is gambling \$5 billion to gear up its new GM-10 cars for the more profitable midsize market. These front-wheel-drive coupe models of the Buick Regal, Pontiac Grand Prix and Oldsmobile Cutlass (a Chevrolet model is due next year) replace rear-wheel-drive versions. GM engineers have given each of the cars its own distinctive body lines.

In the long run, GM expects to rely heavily on advanced technology to turn out the kinds of cars that people want to buy. Eager to demonstrate high-tech pizzazz at the show, the company unveiled five "concept" models—futuristic versions of GMC, Chevrolet, Pontiac, Buick and Cadillac vehicles. One, the Pontiac Banshee, resembles a spaceship on wheels, with a canopy top that opens like a jet fighter's. Instead of a rearview mirror, the Banshee has a TV camera in the back of the car that feeds a picture to a dashboard monitor.

To show how its engineers are using computers to speed the process of creating new cars, GM set up a design studio at the Waldorf, where a prototype sports car called the SRV-1 was under construction. Designers explained a computerized voice-recognition system that enables a driver to operate the radio, for example, simply by saying "Turn up the music" or "Change the channel."

Impressive as these devices are, it may be some time before many of them are available in GM cars. The company is still struggling to streamline a lumbering bureaucracy that has slowed a new car's progress from drawing board to showroom. In fact, some of the new technologies that GM was showing off last week—like the Quad 4 engine that offers eight-cylinder power in an economic four-cylinder design—were first offered in similar form in cars built by competitors.

If nothing else, the exhibition showed that GM is confronting its complacency and is determined to become the industry's pacesetter once again. The experts are far from counting the company out. Says David E. Davis Jr., editor of *Automobile* magazine: "GM could turn it around with one humdinger of an automobile." Several humdingers may have been on display last week, but the real test for GM will come in thousands of dealer showrooms, not in the ballrooms of the Waldorf. —By Janice Castro.

Reported by B. Russell Leavitt/ New York



In a mock studio, designers sculptured a prototype of an auto that listens. An unabashed effort to polish a rusty image and boost employee morale.

Business Notes



CONTESTS The dream home looked all too familiar

RESEARCH

Texas Corrals A Hot Property

"This is a home run, believe me," exulted Texas Governor Bill Clements. "This is a great day for Texas!" The beleaguered oil-patch state has had relatively few of those lately, but last week it got a potential Texas-size economic spur. A consortium of 14 U.S. semiconductor firms chose Austin over competing sites in 34 states for its research center, which will spend an estimated \$250 million annually. The consortium, called Sematech, for Semiconductor Manufacturing Technology, includes fierce rivals that have joined forces on chip research in the face of bruising foreign competition. Austin's coup could help make it a Sunbelt Silicon Valley. The capital had already attracted a research center for a similar consortium, Microelectronics and Computer Technology Corp., which is conducting research in computer architecture and software design.

CONTESTS

Say, Isn't That Our House?

When alumni of Atlanta's Emory University opened the latest mailing from Publishers Clearing House, many were surprised to see a picture of

Lullwater House, the sprawling mansion where the school's president lives. Accompanying the photo were the words, "Win It All January 29!" Emory officials quickly denied they were raffling off the president's digs. For its part, the magazine-subscription house pointed out that the picture of Lullwater, which the company says it obtained from a photo agency, was intended only to suggest that whoever wins the contest's \$10 million grand prize might wind up in such a mansion. "I've known all along it is a wonderful house," said its current occupant, Emory President James Laney. "But I've been trying to keep it a secret."

INVESTMENT BANKING

Mikhail, Meet Comrade Mike

Michael Milken of Los Angeles, the controversial czar of junk bonds, seems just the kind of free-enterpriser the Soviet Union might single out in a blast against capitalism's excesses. Yet Milken now fancies the Soviet Union as a potential client for his fast-lane financial advice. So far, Milken, 41, a centimillionaire and resident wonderkid at the investment firm Drexel Burnham Lambert, has got little further than meeting Mikhail Gorbachev in a crowded room, when the Soviet leader visited Washington and talked with a group of

U.S. business executives. But Milken, still pursuing a deal, disclosed two of his proposals last week. In one scheme, Drexel Burnham would help finance U.S.-Soviet medical ventures that could reap profits from Soviet advances in eye surgery and cancer treatment. Pitching another idea, Milken proposes that the Soviets take advantage of their plentiful commodities by issuing bonds backed by stockpiles of gold or crude oil.

At home, it is Milken who is being pursued. The U.S. Attorney's office in Manhattan reportedly issued a new round of subpoenas in the long-running insider-trading probe of Milken and Drexel Burnham, allegedly implicated by Ivan Boesky in 1986. Milken and his firm have denied any wrongdoing.

CRIME PREVENTION

En Garde, Frock Fakers!

Holograms, those silvery 3-D images that adorn 500 million credit cards, will soon make an appearance on another product: designer clothing. Garments made by Italy's Gruppo GFT for European designers Valentino, Emanuel Ungaro and Claude Montana will arrive in stores next spring bearing wafer-thin holograms that are glued to labels inside the clothing. The images, virtually impossible to copy, will certify

to shoppers and retailers that the designer pieces are authentic. Anyone who tries to rip out the label and transfer it to a counterfeit designer garment will ruin the hologram. Clothing manufacturers hope the holograms will put a big dent in the more than \$700 million in profits that they lose to knock-off artists each year.

RETAILING

Poor Taste In Waste

It was probably inevitable that the mania for designer choco-lates, designer underwear, designer everything would one day lead to—designer trash bags. Sure enough, in time for Christmas, retailer Neiman-Marcus came out with festive red bags bearing its logo. Displayed at 22 U.S. stores and priced as high as \$6.25 for a pack of 20, the sacks were touted as the "aesthetic way to dispose of life's debris." In the garbage-handling industry, however, the color red is an almost universal symbol for infectious hospital waste, which calls for special treatment. When waste-management officials in Maryland complained about the potential for confusion, Neiman-Marcus promptly stopped selling the red bags in its nearby Washington store. But the colored sacks have sold so well that the retailer plans to bring out a spring line in beige, coral and jade.



RETAILING Red garbage bags could be taken the wrong way



Irresistible force: polluted with diesel fuel, the Monongahela, right, flows into the Ohio at Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

Environment

Nightmare on the Monongahela

A winter oil spill creates havoc from Pittsburgh to Wheeling

The loading operation should have been routine: an enormous storage tank at Ashland Oil's Floreffe, Pa., facility was slowly filling with No. 2 diesel fuel, and everything seemed to be going according to plan. True, the 40-year-old container was being filled for the first time since having been cut up, moved from Cleveland and reconstructed on the site near the Monongahela River. True, the company did not have the required permit from Allegheny County. And true, Ashland Oil had forgone the standard safety practice of testing the tank with a full load of water. But the vessel had passed less stringent tests, and so the loading went forward.

Then, as the 48-ft.-high structure was nearly filled to its capacity of 4 million gal., something went wrong. The tank suddenly burst like a balloon, loosing its contents in a matter of seconds. Some 3.8 million gal. of the oil erupted in a 35-ft.-high tidal wave that quickly overflowed the earthen dike meant to contain such spills. In the 7° cold, 860,000 gal. inundated nearby Route 837. The oil then poured through storm sewers into the Monongahela, a once polluted river that over the past ten years has been painstakingly restored to health, and headed for Pittsburgh, 23 miles downstream.

Thus began one of the nation's worst inland oil spills ever. Within 24 hours, 23,000 people in the Pittsburgh area found themselves without tap water. An additional 750,000

were forced to ration their drinking water. 1,200 families were temporarily evacuated, dozens of factories had to shut down, schools were closed and commercial traffic on the river was halted. The oil entered the Ohio River at Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle, and by week's end the scene had been replayed downriver as far as Steubenville, Ohio, where an ice jam slowed the oil's progress. Wheeling, W. Va., was bracing for the onslaught, and contamination was feared along the Ohio all the way to the Mississippi. The Pennsylvania Fish Commission reported numerous dead fish; ducks and geese, caught in the oil, had to be rescued and washed. Said

Ashland Oil Chairman John Hall, who quickly declared his company would comply with federal law by footing the entire cleanup bill: "I expect it will be a multimillion-dollar problem."

While Pittsburgh draws its potable water from the unaffected Allegheny River, some nearby cities and towns on the Monongahela were forced to shut off their river intakes completely. The authorities tried to cope by tapping into the fire hydrants of unpolluted water systems and reopening old wells. Governor Robert Casey ordered out the National Guard to help, and decreed mandatory water conservation with a \$200 fine for violators. Most people took the inconvenience good-naturedly. In North Fayette, 17 miles south of Pittsburgh, residents switched to paper plates, postponed the laundry and washed at the homes of friends whose water supply was unaffected. Funeral Director Tom Somma used his hearse to deliver bottled water to shut-ins. The local Iron City Brewery brought out "party trucks"—in effect, giant beer kegs on wheels—filled with water.

The West Pennsylvania Water Co., which serves 500,000 people, was able to reopen its river intake at Becks Run by midweek, though it had to filter the diluted oil through ten times the usual amount of activated carbon. But other water systems still reported critical shortages. Warned Allegheny County Commissioner Tom Foerster: "We're still a long way from being out of this situation. If people go back to using water as they usually do, the system will break down."

The cleanup might have been easier on a lake or in the ocean. In that event, the diesel fuel would have stayed on the surface, where it could



Aerial view of collapsed Ashland tank, lower right

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

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have been trapped with floating rubber booms and sucked up with vacuum hoses. But in this case, by the time emergency cleanup crews arrived, the Monongahela's turbulent waters had begun to break up the oil slick and disperse it through the river's depth. The water and oil were further mixed as they tumbled over locks and dams on the Monongahela and Ohio.

Five booms were deployed to trap what oil remained on the surface, but the fast-moving river current simply forced the oil under and past them. In addition, the Monongahela's steep banks made much of the river inaccessible. The result: cleanup crews have recovered only 100,000 gal. of fuel—and that is all they are likely to get. Communities downstream still face 760,000 gal. snaking their way along. By the end of next week the contamination should reach Cincinnati. But as it moves, the oil also becomes diluted, when it hits the Mississippi, perhaps by early March, it could be completely dispersed.

If the spill had happened during the warm months of summer, the highly toxic oil would have been devastating to the rivers' ecosystems. But in winter, fish are inactive, many birds have migrated south, and most plants are dormant. "The algae that fish feed on will be wiped out in the short term," says Tom Purcell of the Environmental Protection Agency, "but they will easily be replenished from upstream." Then, too, escaped oil will eventually be broken down by naturally occurring bacteria, although the EPA's Ray Germann admits, "No one can tell how long it will take."

Attention is now focusing on what caused the spill. There has been speculation that the steel of the Ashland tank may have become brittle in the bitter cold. Other possible causes: flaws in the tank's foundation, which had to support 30 million lbs., or in an underground water pipe. Ashland has also been criticized for reusing the steel. Hall admits that using old metal was one of "a few areas of questionable judgment" at issue. While not admitting liability, Hall said, "I wish our people had pursued the application more diligently."

By EPA standards, says Tim Fields, director of the agency's emergency-response division, "the company is doing everything we would do" to clean up the mess. Says Purcell: "As long as they report it and make every effort to clean it up, they're safe." Although the required dike around the tank did not work, it appears to have been of a size approved by the EPA to contain accidental overflows.

As water systems come back on-line, lawsuits are beginning to fly. Six were filed last week charging Ashland with negligence that caused major economic losses and suffering to local industry and citizens. Considering the number of people and companies affected, Ashland and riverside communities are sure to be sorting out the blame for the Floreffe spill long after the effects of the oil have disappeared.

—By Michael D. Lemonick

Reported by Dan Donovan/Pittsburgh

Medicine

Return of a Childhood Scourge

Rheumatic fever makes a mysterious and troubling comeback

"We thought it was over," says Blaise Congeni, chief of infectious diseases at Children's Hospital in Akron. "Now all of a sudden, it's back." The object of Dr. Congeni's concern: rheumatic fever, the fearsome scourge that killed or crippled thousands of American children annually during the first half of the century. Last year doctors reported hundreds of cases of a disease that had all but disappeared from the U.S. more than a decade ago. First spotted in

if any. Thus parents have not become alarmed until after the persistent fever and tender joints characteristic of rheumatic fever begin. "If children don't have a clinical sore throat, no one thinks of strep," says Pediatrician Ellen Wald at Children's Hospital of Pittsburgh. As a result, youngsters have gone untreated even though doctors can usually prevent rheumatic fever with penicillin. Warns Jane Schaller, chief pediatrician at New England Medical Center in Boston: "Parents



Redoubled vigilance: Pediatrician Wald checks Victim Kimberly Krauss, 5, for new infection

Utah in 1985, the new miniepidemic has hit cities in Ohio and western Pennsylvania, as well as Denver, Boston and Dallas. At two hospitals in Salt Lake City, doctors who normally see only six new cases each year have treated 150 youngsters in the past 24 months. Worse, physicians, who have never fully understood what causes rheumatic fever, have few clues to explain its re-emergence. The culprit could be an unfamiliar strain of bacteria—or simply relaxed vigilance against a forgotten foe.

This time around, rheumatic fever may be more dangerous than ever. The disease can scar heart valves, with fatal results. Years ago about half of rheumatic-fever victims developed heart problems; the current illness seems to attack cardiac muscle more frequently. Doctors can minimize the damage by giving patients steroids to ease the inflammation. However, in about 50% of cases, scarred valves must be surgically repaired.

Moreover, rheumatic fever now often strikes without warning. In the past the disease followed within weeks of painful streptococcal throat infections. But the majority of recent victims have experienced only mild symptoms of strep throat.

will have to pay more attention to what appears to be a simple cold."

Searching for an answer, researchers have focused on the bacterial strains that cause strep throat. They isolated bacteria whose presence coincided with the renewed outbreaks of rheumatic fever. The microbes proved to be mucoid strep, a form that was prevalent more than 20 years ago. "It seemed that this may be an important clue," says Edward Kaplan, professor of pediatrics at the University of Minnesota Medical School. "We hadn't had much rheumatic fever, then we get these mucoid strains. Maybe they were responsible." There was a problem, however: the mucoid strains also showed up where there was no rheumatic fever.

Because there is no vaccine or cure for the disease, prevention is still the best bet. "I'd recommend that any sore throat be cultured," New England's Schaller says. Other experts are worried that parents and doctors too young to remember the rheumatic-fever wards of the past may not recognize the warning signs of a forgotten menace until too late.

—By Christine Gorman
Reported by Beth Austin/Chicago and Suzanne Wymelenberg/Boston

Science

Red Flag at a Weapons Lab

Did Edward Teller oversell the President on the X-ray laser?

Physicist Edward Teller has a reputation for thinking big: during World War II, as other Manhattan Project scientists were racing to build the first atom bomb, the Hungarian-born Teller was already working on the hydrogen bomb. While the H-bomb was both a technological tour de force and a hellishly effective weapon, however, one of Teller's more recent enthusiasms—the X-ray laser—could turn out to be an expensive dud. That possibility has ignited a fire storm of accusations that has set off a federal investigation into recent goings-on at the University of California's Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, one of the country's two weapons-development centers.

The problem, charges Roy Woodruff, the former director of weapons research at Livermore,

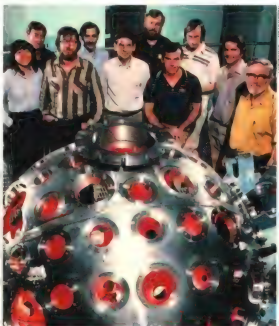
the X rays would be capable of destroying enemy ICBMs in mid-flight. But tests showed that although such devices work on a small scale, there was little evidence that they could be made powerful enough to work as effective antimissile weapons.

Woodruff questions whether Teller passed along such doubts to the President

of Teller's reputation for hyperbole, concedes Democratic Representative from California George Brown Jr., an SDI opponent and the member of the House intelligence committee who initiated a General Accounting Office probe. "Those in Congress and the scientific community tend to discount his exuberance. The President doesn't. The President thinks he is speaking with revealed wisdom."

In late 1985 Woodruff resigned to protest Batzel's inaction and asked for a transfer: he was demoted to a lower-level position and denied salary increases. After a two-year investigation, the University of California ruled in December that Woodruff had been unfairly reassigned. He was promptly named head of Livermore's verification program, which advises the Defense Department on technical issues concerning compliance with arms-control treaties.

Teller and Wood, for their part, refuse to comment directly on Woodruff's charges. Even so, Teller told TIME last week, "I'm



The combatants: Star Wars Proponent Teller; Protégé Lowell Wood, back row, center, and X-ray laser team; Whistle-Blower Roy Woodruff

is that Teller oversold the X-ray laser, a proposed Star Wars device under development at the lab, to President Reagan. Not only were some of Teller's statements "technically incorrect," claims Woodruff, but "the optimistic schedules proposed by Dr. Teller for deployment of an X-ray laser weapon are impossible." Woodruff's accusations have split the lab into bitter factions: they have also cast doubt on the scientific integrity of Livermore, a facility founded with Teller's support in 1952, and cast a shadow over Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative.

Tensions over the development of the X-ray laser might have remained behind closed doors if Woodruff had not been demoted by Livermore Director Roger Batzel in what Woodruff claims was retaliation for trying to put a lid on Teller. Prior to his transfer, Woodruff was responsible for proposed SDI weapons like the X-ray laser, a device that was supposed to channel the intense X rays from a nuclear bomb into a beam of radiation. In theory,

or his aides. In 1983, he points out, Teller sent a letter to then White House Science Adviser George Keyworth saying the laser was ready for "engineering phase"—implying that only a few details remained to be worked out before the weapon could be built. And as late as 1987, Lowell Wood, a manager of weapons development at Livermore and Teller's protégé, told a House subcommittee how "X-ray lasers can be used to destroy any type of platforms in space, including defensive platforms, so the counterdefensive role is being explored extensively, and it is this role in which X-ray lasers might be expected to first come into play."

Woodruff claims he confronted Lab Director Batzel several times, asking him to refute the claims made by Teller and Wood. Batzel allegedly refused. According to Woodruff, Batzel explained by saying "No one listens to Edward and Lowell." In fact, says Woodruff, at that time "Teller was the only guy in the lab who could go and see the President." Because

most unhappy to see a great scientific discovery, the X-ray laser, is reported not for its merits or its possible use for defense, but as an object of controversy." Concludes Livermore Physicist Hugh DeWitt: "Woodruff did a damn good job of blowing the whistle on the extravagant claims of those two men." And while Woodruff's employment status has been resolved, the issues have not. The conclusions of the GAO investigation are expected by June; at stake is not just the future of the X-ray laser, but the reputations of Livermore's scientists. "When I go to Washington now, people jokingly ask me what's the next lie that going to come out of here," says John Harvey. Livermore's project manager for advanced strategic systems. "Your technical credibility is the only thing that you ever have to offer anyone. That's one of the things the laboratory has been strong on in the past." Now, though, it is a commodity in short supply.

—By Michael D. Lemonick.

Reported by Dick Thompson/San Francisco

Education

Tough Guy for a Tough Town

The beleaguered New York school system gets a stern headmaster

The tall man in the dark double-breasted suit stood ramrod straight while Edward Koch introduced him at a city hall press conference. Then Richard R. Green, freshly appointed chancellor of the New York City school system, biggest (939,142 students) and arguably the baddest in all the land, said to the mayor, "Why don't you be seated?" Koch complied, like a schoolboy whom the principal has put in his place. And when His Honor tried later to rise, the Big Apple's new headmaster froze him with a turn of the hand.

That's how things tend to be when Richard Green, the first black to hold the New York chancellorship, steps forward. Green, 51, has ruled for the past eight years over the 55-school Minneapolis system, where 40% of the 40,000 students are minority youngsters and where the quality of education had sagged badly through the '70s. After first putting in 16 months of planning, Green moved so firmly that in Minneapolis, B.C. also means "before the change."

He shut down 18 underused schools, imposed a citywide curriculum and instituted achievement tests for kindergarten through ninth grade. Those who failed were held back, including almost 10,000 kindergartners over five years. Green negotiated millions in corporate gifts to the school system. And he broke segregation patterns with busing, magnet schools and careful (some thought rigid) monitoring of racial balance. To halt white flight, he organized tours of a turned-around school for real estate agents. They were impressed. So are education observers, who now rate the system among the nation's best. Even his critics, who consider him arrogant and closed-minded, are grudgingly admiring. Says Len Biernat, a law professor who ran unsuccessfully for the school board as a Green opponent: "He's a strong, strong person and can stand up to the heat."

New Yorkers figure he will get plenty of that. Minneapolis is one thing, they snort. New York City is something else. Despite islands of excellence maintained by devoted principals and teachers, the system is a Balkanized wasteland that destroys rulers who would grapple with 32 autonomous districts and a \$5.2 billion budget that evaporates with few observable results. "The dimensions of the system can be overwhelming," admits former Chancellor Nathan Quinones, who decided to give up last August. Says a high school teacher: "The three best things about the job are June, July and August."

Consider, as Green must, the realities

of the other nine months. Dropout rates approach 90% in some ghetto schools—and depending on who is counting—30% to 55% citywide. A surfeit of aging buildings crumble in disrepair. Desks occasionally spill out of overcrowded classrooms into hallways prowled by student hoodlums who "have been bringing weap-



Big Apple for the teacher: Green at city hall

After Minneapolis, a miracle-proof morass?

ons to school for years," says one principal. An overpowered custodian's union, whose president was killed last year in what police described as a gangland-style rubout, dictates the hours schools will be open. Tenured high school principals cannot be fired without interminable hearings. Under a 19-year-old decentralization plan, elementary and junior high schools enjoy wide latitude in curriculum and administrative matters—which has resulted in a chaotic absence of accountability. Nevertheless, the central bureaucracy keeps a stranglehold on orders for such bedrock necessities as textbooks and Xerox paper.

Unlike most school systems, whose funding is independent of other revenues, New York City's school budget must be bargained from general funds, with all the political infighting that implies. The school board, which theoretically might control the show, is a creature of political patronage, with single appointments by each of New York's five baronial borough presidents and two by the mayor. It is therefore responsive to countless pressure groups but, like the lower and middle schools, accountable to no one. And any teachers brave enough to opt for service in this swamp must first run an obstacle course of both city and New York State examinations, waiting up to five years for tests in certain subjects.

Lest the new man in town doubt the depth of these divisive influences, the board squabbled for four months before deciding to offer him the job by a shaky 4-to-3 majority. This margin came only after School Board President Robert Wagner Jr. suggested privately that he would resign if he could not get the man he and the mayor wanted. None of this seems to faze Green, however. He is accustomed to tough sledding. A street-fighting Minneapolis ghetto kid with a reform school experience he will not discuss, he was raised by a mother who worked as a maid. Deciding that brains, not fists, were the best ticket out of poverty, Green studied his way to a teaching post. When he was accepted by Harvard in 1970 for Ph.D. studies and could not afford to go, he banged on foundation doors to raise the money.

New York is simply another challenge. Asked if he feels the system is manageable, he quips confidently. "Was the Depression manageable?" To sweeten the task, he will receive a salary that is anything but depressed: \$150,000 annually (\$40,000 more than the mayor) on a three-year contract with a liberal entertainment allowance. But the money is not the draw. "Public education is on trial in America," he says. "If there is a better place to try the case, I don't know where it is."

He has already begun to sway some members of the jury, including, apparently, the school board, which ultimately approved him with a 7-to-0 official vote after the chancellor's masterful debut at the press conference. Board Member Amalia Betanzos thinks he just might pull off a miracle for the Big Apple. "If you had asked me before he told the mayor to sit down, I might have said no. Now I say yes." New York's staggering schools, however, may be miracle-proof. To think he can turn the system around "is just silly," wrote New York *Daily News* Columnist Bob Herbert sadly. "Green should hang on to his house in Minneapolis." The new chancellor has not yet put his nine-ball split level on the market.

—By Ezra Bowen.

Reported by John E. Gallagher/New York and Marc Hequet/Minneapolis

Show Business

COVER STORY

Magician of The Musical

Lloyd Webber scores again with Phantom

All right, gentlemen, we all agree there is nothing wrong with the Broadway musical that a few hits wouldn't cure. But what we need is some new ideas.

O.K., how about this: long-haired hippie from working-class family in ancient Palestine (salt of the earth dad, saintly mom) falls in with tough crowd of long-shoremen, starts proletarian pacifist movement and gets offed by protofascist pigs from Rome.

Never work: too depressing, and it lacks an upbeat ending. No love interest either. Next?

Spunky Argentine firecracker from wrong side of tracks rides casting couch to boffo b.o. in Buenos Aires, weds political top dog, rips off nation, gets cancer and dies.

Are you kidding? Too depressing, lacks an upbeat ending, and no one has ever paid a nickel to see anything about South America. Next?

Well, there's the one about cats singing poetry.

Forget it; pigs will fly first. Ditto your other crazy notion, the one about the roller-skating trains. What else?

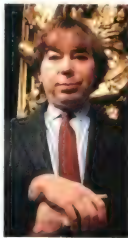
Ugly guy who hangs out in basement of Paris Opéra gets crush on cute chorister, secretly preps her as headliner, goes berserk when boyfriend comes on scene, writes opera with her in lead, gets ditched by girl and crawls into hole to die.

Not too bright, man. Depressing, lacks an upbeat ending, and the opera-house setting is a major turnoff. Broadway audiences are not about to put out big bucks to watch a downer like that, for crying out loud. Doesn't anybody here have an idea for a hit musical?

Try this one: shy middle-class British kid grows up listening to Mozart and Richard Rodgers, teams with buddy to write school musical, is discovered by

slumming music critic, goes on to pen smash biblical epic *Jesus Christ Superstar* and monster hit *Evita*, splits with pal, has megatriumphs with *Cats* and *Starlight Express*, then comes up with extra-hot spook, *The Phantom of the Opera*. Along the way swaps bell-bottoms for swank Belgravia flat, 1,350-acre English country estate, choice property on the French Riviera, \$6 million apartment in Manhattan, private jet, beautiful second wife and a worldwide musical empire that, conservatively, rings his personal cash register to the tune of \$12 million a year.

Hmmm. Talent, friendship, strife, love interest, money—it seems to have everything. Now there's uplift for you! We'll call it Andrew Lloyd Webber and His Amazing Technicolor Career. I think we've got a winner!



Onstage: Lloyd Webber

He is an unlikely superstar. Of average height, his long hair a tousled brown arch across his forehead, the man in the tailored, gray pinstriped flannel suit digging into his sole at La Côte Basque could be mistaken for just another of Manhattan's prosperati were it not for one distinctive habit. Sometimes it comes during pauses in conversation, other times in mid-thought. Ever so softly, but frequently and with total absorption, Andrew Lloyd Webber is humming to himself.

Few people overhearing him would suspect it, but those barely audible hums are the stuff dream musicals are made of. Out of them, Lloyd Webber, 39, has spun a worldwide empire unmatched in the history of musical theater. With one exception, the ill-starred *Jeeves* of 1975. Lloyd Webber has scored an unbroken string of triumphs over the past 15 years. His most financially successful show,



Brightman and Crawford in *The Phantom of the Opera*

Cats, has had 19 productions in cities ranging from Budapest to Tokyo to Sydney to Stockholm; eleven of them are still running. *Cats* has racked up total box-office receipts of more than \$425 million.

When Lloyd Webber's latest show, *The Phantom of the Opera*, opens on Broadway the week after next, he will have three hits playing simultaneously in both London and New York City. It is only the second time a composer has ever pulled off such a double hat trick. The first was in 1983, and, of course, it was Lloyd Webber who did it. In New York, *Evita* ran for almost four years; *Cats* is still selling out five years after its opening.



elaborate, evocative and beguiling, the work is the natural expression of a classically trained child of the rock revolution

And now comes *Phantom*. Rarely has a show been so eagerly anticipated, and never has one enjoyed such a box-office buildup. Opening Jan. 26, it has already taken in an unprecedented \$16 million in advance sales. \$4 million more than the previous record holder, *Les Misérables*. On the day the Majestic Theater box office opened in November, buyers—many of whom had queued up in the cold overnight—snapped up \$920,271 worth of tickets, easily breaking the one-day record of \$477,275 set by *Les Miz*. As in London, where *Phantom* is the theatrical event of the season, seeing the show is an exercise in long-range planning. Want a

pair of \$50 orchestra seats for an evening performance? The first available dates are around Thanksgiving. With *Phantom* productions already scheduled for Vienna and Tokyo, and others on the way, this is one specter that should be haunting theaters for years to come.

To keep tabs on his burgeoning realm, Lloyd Webber is a man in almost perpetual motion. During the year between the London and New York openings of *Phantom*, he has circled the globe in his leased Hawker Siddeley 125 jet, making arrangements for new productions and spot-checking the quality level of old ones. "I have been all over the world until

I hardly know what time of day it is," he says. It doesn't matter: the sun never sets on this new British empire.

Between trips, Lloyd Webber has overseen the continuing restoration of London's Palace Theater, a Victorian landmark that he bought for \$2 million in 1983; expanded the dairy farm on Sydmonton Court, his estate in Hampshire, and planted 50,000 trees in an effort to reverse soil erosion; and with his wife, Soprano (and *Phantom* Star) Sarah Brightman, 27, acquired a nine-room duplex apartment on the 60th floor of Manhattan's Trump Tower, as well as a seaside villa in Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat in the

south of France. He has indulged his hobbies of collecting pre-Raphaelite art and 18th century English furniture, added to his cave of fine wines, and bought Sarah a bracelet with a jeweled snake head that used to belong to the Duchess of Windsor.

Musically he is just as busy: discussing a movie deal with Universal Pictures for a cinematic version of his roller-skating-trains musical *Starlight*, bruited the possibility of writing a movie score for his Trump Tower neighbor Steven Spielberg, and launching plans for a U.S. production company with Director Harold Prince to seek out and stage new American musicals. "Music is born into Andrew," says Brightman. "Music just comes out of him. Without it, he wouldn't be Andrew."

In his Manhattan aerie last week, Lloyd Webber worked with Lyricists Don Black and Charles Hart on his next musical, *Aspects of Love*, studied portfolios of photos in search of a female lead for *Phantom's* April production in Japan, and kept a watchful eye on the Broadway incarnation, which started previews on Saturday. "He monitors every word and orchestrates every aspect of the production," says Black. "He is good at casting, costumes, orchestration, design, marketing. Nothing slips through the net." When he does unwind, it is generally at his Steinway grand piano. "Want to hear some tunes?" he will ask, and a moment later will deliver several songs from *Aspects* in the tuneless dee-dee-dah-dum voice universally adopted by composers.

In England, he and Sarah spend as much time as possible at Sydmonton, near the *Watership Down* country of Novelist Richard Adams, where his extensive holdings have made him the squire of two villages. The oldest part of his brick manor house dates back to the 16th century. Each July the estate serves as the site of Lloyd Webber's private Sydmonton Festival, where the composer tries out his works in progress before a specially invited audience. A connoisseur of old English religious architecture, Lloyd Webber often spends Sundays driving around with Sarah to visit churches.

What prompts all this frenetic activity? With a secure place in the annals of musical theater, a personal net worth of more than \$200 million and all the creature comforts that attend such a favorable balance sheet, Lloyd Webber would seem to have everything. It may sound like an old joke, but rich and famous as he is, he still craves one gratification: critical respectability, especially in the U.S.

Since 1971, when the iconoclastic *Superstar* shattered Broadway tradition with raucous electric guitars, grinding dissonances and a subject that was, to say the least, unorthodox, it has been fashionable to dismiss Lloyd Webber as a panderer to the basest melodic cravings of the mass audience, hammering home a few repetitive themes amid overblown orchestral climaxes and distracting technological gimmickry. His scores have been derided as derivative and too dependent on pastiche—meretricious parrotings of his

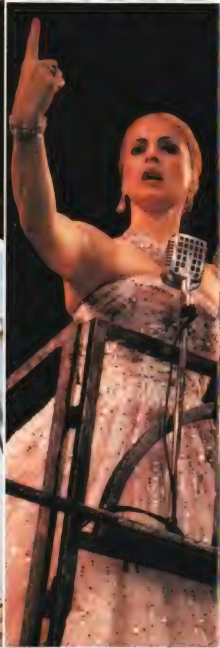
JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR



PHOTO—MADE BANA



EVITATM



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CATS™



Broadway betters (Rodgers) and his operatic antecedents (Puccini).

"People talk about commercialism," Lloyd Webber says, "but in actual fact, I really fight it an awful lot. I don't think that way. I put an awful lot into these scores. It is not just a matter of two or three songs repeated and repeated. If people think it is, they are crazy. The reason why the public responds is that the pieces are very rich."

Lloyd Webber's rise to prominence is something of a historical anomaly. Since the heyday of Gilbert and Sullivan and the demise of the Viennese operetta, the leadership in musical theater has belonged to Americans. British musicals, when they were considered at all, conjured up images of aging vaudevillians with straw boaters and canes barking strophic ballads at nodding pensioners. That has all changed. Now, not only a stirring new work like *Les Misérables* but even a relic like *Me and My Girl* can be shipped across the Atlantic from London to win a passionate following on the Great White Way.

This has caused more than a little resentment on Broadway, not least against Lloyd Webber himself, since it sometimes seems that half the musicals running at any one time are his. What American can compete with him? Charles Strouse has not had a hit since *Annie* (1977). Marvin Hamlisch's *A Chorus Line* is still strutting its stuff, but the show opened in 1975. Jerry Herman's 1983 cross-dressed love story *La Cage aux Folles* packed in the tourists, but its appeal came more from the frisson of seeing men in black lace and garter belts than from any of its songs.

The sinuous melodies and intricate lyrics of Stephen Sondheim, the leading American composer of musicals, have made for an impressive body of work, including the delicate *Pacific Overtures*, the sanguinary *Sweeney Todd* and his new hit, *Into the Woods*. But Lloyd Webber's sure, if more conventional, sense of musical structure, his adroit handling of the orchestra (unlike Rodgers and Sondheim, Lloyd Webber generally makes his own orchestrations) and his willingness to tackle big subjects bespeak a talent no less sophisticated.

Indeed, except for Sondheim, few American theater composers can match Lloyd Webber's strong classical background. His father, who died in 1982, was Composer William Lloyd Webber, director of the London College of Music, and his mother Jean is a piano teacher. His brother Julian, now 36, became a noted concert cellist. Partly because of his bona fides, however, he feels that his field "inhabits a no-man's-land." Classical reviewers, he observes, do not consider musical shows a part of their world, while drama critics do not always pick up on the subtleties of his music.

Colleagues do, though. Tenor Plácido Domingo sang the premiere of Lloyd Webber's 1985 *Requiem* under Conductor Lorin Maazel, who also recorded the or-

chestral version of Lloyd Webber's *Variations*. Maaazel, former music director of the Cleveland Orchestra and a longtime Lloyd Webber supporter, praises the composer's "great talent—I would even say genius" for melody.

For audiences, Lloyd Webber's appeal is beyond dispute. "He may not be Mozart or Beethoven to the Germans," says Edda Sels, press spokeswoman for the popular production of *Cats* in Hamburg, "but he can combine classical and popular music in such a way that it appeals to audiences who want both 'entertaining' and 'serious' music." Director Keita Asari, whose Shiki theater company, the largest in Japan, has staged *Superstar*, *Evita* and *Cats*, calls Lloyd Webber a "genius who unfolds melodies through various modes that somewhere reverberate classical music. That's the reason he is universally loved."

Practically alone among present-day theater composers, Lloyd Webber repeatedly hits the Top Ten with his songs: *I*

Don't Know How to Love Him from *Superstar*; *Don't Cry for Me, Argentina* from *Evita*; *Memory*, the instant standard from *Cats*. Four songs from *Phantom* have made the British charts. But despite his unique crossover appeal, his scores are far from cheap tunesmithery. In addition to their obvious debt to rock, *Superstar*, *Evita* and *Cats* also bristle with some hair-raising atonal passages, while *Phantom*'s glorious credo, *The Music of the Night*, contains one of Lloyd Webber's most daring dissonant endings. Overt classical references abound: *Cats* has a fugue, the *Dance* section of *Song & Dance* is an extended set of variations on Paganini's 24th *Caprice*, and *Phantom* boasts an intricate sextet called *Prima Donna* that is reminiscent of Donizetti. (*Song & Dance* played for 13 months in New York City. It was cobbled together from Lloyd Webber's song cycle *Tell Me on a Sunday* and *Variations*, a piece for cello and rock ensemble originally written for Julian.) Eclectic it may be, but Lloyd Webber's best work has synthe-

sized his disparate influences into the convincing, natural expression of a classically trained child of the rock revolution.

That child was born into a rambling, bohemian flat in London's South Kensington neighborhood. At three Andrew began studying the violin; later he took up the piano and horn. "It was extremely noisy around our house," remembers Brother Julian. "I'd be scraping away on the cello, and Andrew would be bashing away on the piano." Adding to the happy din was John Lill, now a well-known British concert pianist, who was a member of the Lloyd Webber household and, more than anyone else, steered Andrew toward concerts and operas.

Andrew wrote his first tune at nine, and three years later began mounting mock musicals in a toy theater whose stage was an old record turntable. At about this time, an aunt whetted his theatrical passion when she took the boy to see *South Pacific*, which remains his favorite musical. At 14 he won a scholarship to

Chills, Thrills and Trapdoors

What after *Starlight Express*'s romance of the rails? For Andrew Lloyd Webber it was the sweep and dash of pure old-fashioned romance. He found it in French Novelist Gaston Leroux's 1910 thriller *Le Fantôme de l'Opéra*, long a standby for stage and screen adaptations (notably Lon Chaney's 1925 silent horror film). The version devised by Lloyd Webber and Librettist Richard Stilgoe dispensed with much of the novel's narrative superstructure to focus on two characters: the gruesomely disfigured genius who haunts the Paris Opéra and the young Swedish soprano, Christine Daaé, who is the object of his unholy affections.

As the principal lyricist, Lloyd Webber chose Charles Hart, 26, a novice who had only one previous, unperformed musical to his credit; in counterbalance, the composer tapped the veteran director Hal Prince, 59, who had contributed so much to the success of *Evita*. Lloyd Webber composed the role of Christine with his wife Sarah Brightman's crystalline voice and fragile Pre-Raphaelite looks in mind. The trick was casting the Opera Ghost. His choice was British Actor Michael Crawford, 45, whom he had heard sing in the 1979 London show *Flowers for Algernon* and who had appeared in such films as *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* and *The Jokers*. "The moment I saw him with Sarah at dinner for the first time, I knew there was no point in discussing the casting any further," remembers Lloyd Webber. "The way he hypnotized her with his view of what he thought the Phantom could be... I just tiptoed off and left them. I phoned Hal and said, 'It's cast.'"

Crawford, who had trained as a boy soprano under Composer Benjamin Britten, responded immediately to the

Phantom's soaring tenor line. "I had only to hear the first eight or so bars to know that *Phantom* was something quite special," he says. "The score sent chills down my spine the first time I heard it, and still does. Andrew's got me singing from the bottom of my heart to the top hair on my head."

For a while last year, it appeared that Brightman might not be allowed to repeat her role in New York. Actors' Equity objected to her being cast in the Broadway production, rather

than an American actress, on the ground that Brightman was not an international star. Lloyd Webber was furious. His implied threat of no-Sarah, no-*Phantom* eventually prevailed, but under an agreement with the union, Brightman will play Christine for only six months. To preserve her voice, she will appear in six of the eight weekly performances; American Patti Cohenour will sing the other two. (Crawford's contract is for nine months and all eight performances.) Brightman was philosophical about the compromise. "I would have been disappointed because I worked on that part for three years, and I created it," she said. "I might have disliked seeing another actress taking over all the things I worked out, but I would have gone on to the next thing. It's stupid getting annoyed in this business."

Like *Cats* and *Starlight Express*, though, *Phantom* is likely to prove "castproof," for much of its attraction lies in its spectacular coups de théâtre inspired by Victorian stage machinery. Among the highlights: a boat gliding across a gloomy underground lake, and a chandelier that appears to crash onto the audience at the end of Act I. The multiple trapdoors that create many of the illusions—there are 102 tiny ones to accommodate the candles that rise from the gloom to illuminate the Phantom's subterranean realm—are all controlled by computer. Says Will Bowen, assistant production manager in London: "The gloss is Victorian, but it took high tech to make it look that way."



In rehearsal: Phantom, soprano and composer

EDDY DREW

Show Business

London's Westminster School and produced three now forgotten student shows.

Lloyd Webber attended Magdalen College at Oxford, in part because he had heard it harbored some of Britain's most promising lyricists. But the man who turned out to be the Oscar Hammerstein to his Rodgers came in the person of Tim Rice, a London law student with a penchant for pop music. Introduced by a London publisher, the pair hit it off at once, and Andrew promptly dropped out of Oxford. To hone his technique, he enrolled at the Royal College of Music. His father, surprisingly, warned him not to let the school educate away his natural gifts, and Lloyd Webber left after one year.

He and his new partner were an odd match. Rice tall, affable, gregarious; Lloyd Webber slender, introspective, subdued. Rice's lyrics were hard-edged and cynical; Lloyd Webber's music lush and tuneful ("Tim can never write I love you," says Lloyd Webber. "It's always 'I love you, but...'"). Their first show, *The Likes of Us*, about a Victorian philanthropist named Dr. Bernardo, was never commercially produced: "square and dated," explained Rice. For their next try they took some really dated material: the Old Testament.

The show was *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*, written in 1967 for London's St. Paul's School, and it remains one of their most winning compositions. Originally a 25-minute piece for the school's younger boys, it was expanded for a performance at Central Hall, Westminster, where by chance it was heard by Derek Jewell, a music critic for the London *Sunday Times*. His unexpected rave led to a recording. Lloyd Webber's deft gift for parody (the Elvis homage of *Pharaoh's Story*) and melodic invention (Joseph's moving anthem *Close Every Door*) captured a wide audience. "Without realizing it," recalls Rice, "we were breaking new ground by forgetting about Rodgers and Hammerstein."

A false start with a show about Richard the Lion-Hearted sent Rice back to the Bible for inspiration, and he found it in the greatest story ever told. *Jesus Christ Superstar* was an instant hit, first as a single pop song, then as a double album. Finally as a 1971 stage show in New York. It was not the first rock musical—Galt MacDermot's *Hair* preceded it, as did the Who's "rock opera" *Tommy*—but its impact was extraordinary. Lloyd Webber hated Director Tom O'Horgan's lurid, heavenzapoppin' staging, which featured a transvestite Herod, Judas in silver briefs and Christ emerging from a huge chalice clad in a \$20,000 glittering robe. Christian as well as Jewish groups protested the show as offensive, but it ran for 720 performances before heading off to the West End and more than 20 other countries.

At about this time, Lloyd Webber married Sarah Tudor Huggill, whom he had met at a party when they were teenagers. As this partnership was formed, the



In *Phantom*, echoes of Salleri and Meyerbeer by a master of pastiche and parody

other one in his life, with Rice, began to crack under the stress of *Superstar*. While Lloyd Webber felt embarrassed and humiliated by what he regarded as the "travesty" of the New York production, the more phlegmatic Rice was content to let it run its course and enjoy the success. A few months later, when Rice dropped out of a treatment of P.G. Wodehouse's unflappable butler, *Jeeves*, Lloyd Webber enlisted playwright Alan Ayckbourn and put the show on the boards in Bristol. It eventually closed in London after 47 performances—a failure that continues to rankle the fierce perfectionist.

The last Rice-Lloyd Webber show was also the best and the most daring. *Evita*. The authors were condemned for glorifying the right-wing Eva and Juan Perón, even though they intended the show as an allegory of the deteriorating political situation in England in the mid-'70s. Like *Superstar*, *Evita* was first released as a

record. The task of getting it onstage devolved upon Director Prince, watching Prince put the show together turned out to be a most instructive lesson for Lloyd Webber. "When I came into *Evita*, there was no script, just a lot of numbers in a shape to tell a story," remembers Prince. "We moved some numbers around and made a straight line, added tension and all the rest. To me this was a strange process of coming up with a show, working from an album backward." Prince's starkly effective staging echoed Lloyd Webber's view of the music ("cold, cold, cold").

But not even *Evita*'s success could patch over the growing rift between composer and lyricist, and so they parted professional company. "I'm not as interested in working for the sake of working," said Rice. "Andrew wants to be in the center of the musical-theater world all the time." Since the breakup, Rice has had a modest

London hit with his Plantagenet saga *Blonde!* and a major triumph in *Chess*, a cynical look at a championship chess match between a Soviet and an American that boasts a brilliant score by Björn Ulvaeus and Benny Andersson, two members of the rock group ABBA. It is scheduled for a Broadway opening in April. In 1986 he reunited briefly with his former partner on a 30-minute private entertainment called *Cricket* for Queen Elizabeth's 60th birthday.

Lloyd Webber was on his own in his next project, an audacious attempt to set T.S. Eliot's *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats* to music. He turned to the innovative director Trevor Nunn and the brilliant designer John Napier to transform his plotless feline frolic into the spectacular *Cats*. Nunn found that the increasingly confident composer's sense of musical structure was "fantastically theatrical" and that what Lloyd Webber required of his collaborators was "ways in which his musical conception could be given a narrative or some character validation."

Cats marked another notable departure for Lloyd Webber. During rehearsals he fell in love with Brightman, who was gambling as one of the show's kittens after a stint as lead singer of the sexy rock group Hot Gossip. In 1983 his twelve-year marriage ended in divorce, and he wed Brightman the following year. Custody of the two children, Imogen, now 10, and Nicholas, 8, went to their mother.

Lloyd Webber's next show, *Starlight*, which opened in London in 1984, was also directed by Nunn and designed by Napier, but this time the cooperative effort was less happy. What was conceived as a small collection of genre songs (pop, rock, mock-soul) for children, like *Joseph*, emerged instead as an overblown extravaganza that the composer, despite his initial enthusiasm for the production, later disowned. "It was a mistake to have put it anywhere near where it could be considered a Broadway musical," Lloyd Webber says, though he still defends it as a vehicle that brings to the theater people who do not ordinarily attend. Aside from the high-tech overkill of the staging, Lloyd Webber's heart was not really in the writing; he had come too far from *Joseph* to be able to recapture the spontaneous joy of the earlier piece. Although he expected several singles from *Starlight* to top the charts, none did. "That area of pop is probably no longer in my grasp," he admits today.

Phantom, then, is the gauntlet that Lloyd Webber has thrown down to challenge his critics to take him seriously. As lush and ornate as the Paris Opéra in which it is set, *Phantom* is the composer's most elaborate, beguiling score. It is also

the most frankly operatic, not only in its parodies of period works by such composers as Salieri and Meyerbeer but in the way it has been written. Like an opera, *Phantom* is almost entirely sung, and its characters are outfitted with sharply etched musical motifs. Except for the title song, there is no rock music in the score; instead it is a sweeping, romantic evocation of Belle Epoque Paris for coloratura soprano, lyric tenor and full-dress symphony orchestra.

Lloyd Webber believes music should drive a show, giving it life and shape, soul

bering Establishment vessels launched with much fanfare but quickly sent to the bottom under their own weight. Many opera-house successes have come instead from composers outside the academic tradition. Sondheim's *Pacific Overtures* opened the season at the English National Opera last fall. *Sweeney Todd* has been performed by the New York City Opera. Last year *Evita* was produced at the Staats-operette in Dresden.

Lloyd Webber's forthcoming show, *Aspects of Love*, is not likely to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House

any time soon, but it appears to be the closest thing to a conventional opera he has yet composed. Based on the 1955 novel by David Garnett, a member of the Bloomsbury group, *Aspects* is an intimate chamber work that examines the lives and loves of a small circle of friends. "Aspects will come out closer in scale to a kind of Mozartian piece," promises the composer. "It will require from me a very firm technique, and the scenes will have to be far more set pieces of drama than anything I have done. So it is another move along."

The "move along" has been a professional tenet with Lloyd Webber, who leaves as little to chance as possible. His whole life and career can be seen in terms of his desire to master a situation, then go beyond it. On the most basic level, there is his insistence on dominating everything related to his music. With a nose for business as keen as his faculty for churning out hits, Lloyd Webber keeps the reins of power tightly in his hand. No matter where he is, he is often on the phone to the staff at his London-based production company, the Really Useful Group, or to one of the small number of theater professionals who make up his de facto stock company, among them Producer Cameron Mackintosh, Lyricist Black and Directors Nunn and Prince.

The Really Useful Group (the name derives from the Really Useful Engine, a recurring phrase in the Wilbert Awdry series of children's books that enthralled Lloyd Webber as a boy) comprises a producing organization, a music-publishing company, a record division, a video company, Aurum Press and the Palace Theater London Ltd., the last a separate entity that currently houses the London production of *Les Misérables*. Lloyd Webber is a nonexecutive member of the board (so is Rice) who owns about 40% of the stock but is not actively involved in management. When the company went public two years ago, he netted \$20 million. He is also the company's prime asset: this is the third year of a seven-year contract under which anything he writes has to go to the Group.



Husband and wife after the London opening of *Phantom*

"Music is born into him. Without it, he wouldn't be Andrew."

and heart. "Audiences in popular theater are much more prepared to surrender themselves to a composer going down the route of the opera," he says. "In fact, they demand that the composer is more in the driver's seat than they did 15 years ago. I would never again give my score to a director until I feel it is as near finished as I can possibly make it.

"What do we mean by opera, anyway?" wonders Lloyd Webber. "And where does that put *Phantom*? Obviously there is a world of difference between *Phantom* and something like *Sugar Babies*. But there is no difference today between opera and serious musical theater." Indeed, the line between the two forms is becoming increasingly blurred. Postwar operatic history is a Sargasso Sea of shipwrecked hulks, great lum-

Show Business

His gifts as an entrepreneur are formidable. "Andrew is a brilliant natural exploiter of his own shows," says Mackintosh, who co-produced *Cats*, *Song & Dance* and *Phantom*. "It runs parallel with his creative talent. He understands showmanship: knowing how to launch a song, finding the right artist to promote it, doing the right programs and interviews. All of these things he does with consummate skill." Probably only Lloyd Webber could have written his *Requiem* as a memorial to his father and then turned the *Pie Jesu* into a hit song (sung by Brightman and a boy soprano) that climbed to No. 1 on the British charts. To some, that was marketing savvy; to others, tasteless calculation. "It was not in one's head that one could have a Top Ten hit from a piece in Latin," Lloyd Webber told a British interviewer. "But that doesn't mean I'm not delighted that it happened."

Beneath his deceptively placid public persona, Lloyd Webber seethes with artistic temperament. In private, some of his acquaintances grumble about his explosive temper, but few dare to confront him, presumably because of his power and influence. While his first wife was still married to him, she was quoted as saying, "He never relaxes. He likes to have something to fuss about. He is exhausting to be with."

Choreographer Gillian Lynne, who worked with him on both *Cats* and *Phantom*, says, "Andrew always has one night when he has a fit. He can become like a shark with anger. He is passionate. But that is so much better than people who settle, isn't it?" One such moment occurred during rehearsals for *Starlight*, when Lloyd Webber argued vehemently with Nunn over two bars of music the director had inserted in order to help the skaters negotiate a dangerous maneuver. Insisted Nunn: "You either have those bars, Andrew, or you'll have a few roller-skating deaths." "O.K.," Lloyd Webber shot back, "either we have deaths or I withdraw the score!" The composer prevailed (and the skaters survived).

"I must be the most intolerable person to know because I think about music all the time," says Lloyd Webber. His basic shyness and his air of indifference to most other subjects make him seem brusque and aloof. "Andrew is a very determined person, and he's very competitive," says his mother. "He has a one-track mind. He has a brisk manner and can be offhand. He has his difficult side—he has a temper and terrific swings of mood."

When engaged in a musical discussion, Lloyd Webber fairly bursts with en-

thusiasm, sometimes speaking so fast he begins to trip over his tongue. He can sit at the piano for hours, discoursing on composers from Rodgers to Prokofiev. On more personal topics he is reticent. He is particularly uncomfortable about his personal fortune and tends to scale down the size of his wealth and possessions. In fact, he is sometimes criticized for being tightfisted with his money. ("Andrew thought he was broke when he was down to his last £3 million," says one friend.)



At work on his new show last week with lyricists Black and Hart
Humming the stuff dream musicals are made of.

His conversation, though, is an incomplete guide to the man. Lloyd Webber's essence lies in his music. "I don't think Andrew ever puts into words accurately what he thinks about anything," Rice has said. "Yet he puts into music precisely what he thinks about something. So you don't have to listen to what he says but what he writes, which is probably why he is a great composer."

To Lloyd Webber's chagrin, his relationship with his flashy wife has become a staple of London's racy tabloids. Brightman has been vilified as a "home wrecker" who came between Lloyd Webber and his first wife (referred to as Sarah I, while Brightman is Sarah II). Last year there were so many breathless "exclusives" about shouting matches between husband and wife and an affair that Brightman was allegedly having with an old boyfriend that Lloyd Webber slapped libel suits on several

of the more gossipy tabloids. The papers settled or retracted, and Lloyd Webber sent the money to various charities.

No one denies that the Lloyd Webbers' temperaments make for a volatile mix. "We are both totally impractical because we let our emotions take first place," says Brightman. "Nothing is ever bottled up. If we feel something, we'll say it. It's wonderful, because you always know where you are with Andrew." Where Andrew is quiet and reserved,

Brightman is vivacious and open; where he favors conservative suits that match his Tory politics, she tends to flamboyant costumes that round out her slim figure, luxuriating Burne-Jones tresses and alabaster skin.

The marriage has thrust the pair into the social spotlight. Says one of Lloyd Webber's close associates: "Sarah II has had quite an influence on his life. They have a certain life-style that he didn't know before. They go to a lot of parties and first nights. They entertain quite a bit. Sarah I was very much a country wife in the traditional English sense. Sarah II is more outgoing, more florid. She is more Zandra Rhodes; Sarah I, more Burberrys."

Photos of the 20-year-old Lloyd Webber from the time of *Superstar* show an awkward, long-haired youth blinking uncomfortably in the spotlight of fame—the phantom of his own opera. Now, in Britain at least, he is the most prominent musical figure since the Beatles, a fixture on TV talk shows who is fussed over and clutched at whenever he walks down a street or sits in a restaurant. During his partnership with Rice, Lloyd Webber was content to let his more outgoing, volatile associate front for the pair. "Tim was a natural performer," remembers Lloyd Webber. "I was somewhat of an

enigma. Since then I've had to learn to look at a camera, but I don't do chat shows where I am supposed to be funny, nor do I have a desperate urge to do the Carson show. But when I need to talk about the work, it is a different matter."

Somewhat disingenuously, Lloyd Webber professes not to relish his new status, to be unaware of the impact his growing personal fame will have on his box-office appeal. "In the end," he insists, "it comes down to the quality of what you give them in the theater." So it does. And on that basis the canniest show composer of our time has long since confirmed his standing. But the sure-to-be-smash opening of *Phantom* will doubtless confirm something else too: The awkward London youth has grown up, conquered Broadway and become what he once only envisioned: Andrew Lloyd Webber, Superstar. —By Michael Walsh, Reported by Mary Cronin/New York, with other bureaus



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Religion

Giving the Talmud to the Jews

An Israeli rabbi makes the sacred pages accessible to everyone

All of the spiritual, legal and cultural teaching that forms the heart of traditional Judaism is contained in the massive sacred book the Talmud. Yet for most Jews that book is closed: without specialized training, it has been impossible to understand it. In a recent poll, 84% of Israeli Jews reported they had never read any of it. The reason is simple: the text is dauntingly complex.

The written compilation of centuries of oral wisdom, the Talmud was completed 1,500 years ago in two versions, named for their places of origin. The commonly used Babylonian text runs to 2.5 million words. The Jerusalem (or Palestinian) Talmud, far less known, is half as long, but many sections are so condensed as to be unintelligible. Its message was alive only for scholars and a handful of others. Now that is changing because a brilliant Orthodox rabbi named Adin Steinsaltz believes Judaism is in peril if "an essential part of our people are cut off from the Talmud."

He is working to produce new editions of both Talmudic texts, a feat no scholar has ever attempted, and, at age 50, is well along on the monumental task. This summer his Institute for Talmudic Publications will print Volume XX of the Babylonian Talmud, the halfway point, with completion expected in 15 years. To date, nearly 1 million of the various books have been sold, and an English translation is planned. Last month the long-awaited first volume of the Steinsaltz Jerusalem Talmud was issued. The first printing sold out in a matter of days; a second appeared last week.

"He will stand like Rashi and Maimonides," says Israeli Historian Zeev Katz, daring to compare the contemporary rabbi with the two great Jewish sages of medieval times. The assertion that Steinsaltz is a once-in-a-millennium scholar is particularly remarkable coming from Katz, a leader of Israel's association of secular humanists. But the diminutive, soft-spoken Steinsaltz inspires superlatives from all Jewish factions. In recognition of his achievements, he has just been named winner of the 1988 Israel Prize, his nation's highest honor. The rabbi greeted the news with characteristic mirth: "Gee, one gets that a year before one dies."

A self-described "commuter between heaven and earth," Steinsaltz did university work in physics and mathematics rather than rabbinics and had a rigidly secular upbringing in Jerusalem. His fa-

ther Avraham, a far-left socialist, was an early Zionist and proudly Jewish, but he kept any religious sentiments carefully concealed. Little Adin read Lenin and Freud before his bar mitzvah. Later, however, the family saw to it that he was tutored in the Talmud and attended a reli-



Rabbi Steinsaltz in his Jerusalem office

Once an agnostic, now a once-in-a-millennium scholar.

gious high school. Explained Avraham: "I don't care if you are a heretic. I don't want you to be an ignoramus."

Adin was bored at school and far more interested in the struggle to establish the state of Israel than in spiritual questions. "I am by nature a skeptic," he remarks. But the youth who looked upon believers with disdain was slowly and inexorably drawn to faith. "I never climbed high mountains or shot lions. The way to religion was the beginning of an adventure, and a very big one," he says. "It came to the point that this world was not enough."

Steinsaltz's audacity was such that at age 27 he decided to create a modern Talmud. "It was a kind of hubris," he admits. Standard editions are virtually unreadable for nonexperts partly because the Hebrew is printed without vowel nota-

tions or punctuation. And the work abounds with obscurities. Two commentaries are customarily printed alongside the text to assist understanding, but they raise further questions because they are centuries old.

Braving the ire of traditionalists, Steinsaltz inserted vowel marks and punctuation. He also translated Aramaic sections into modern Hebrew and explained the numerous words from other languages that crop up. Even more boldly, he wrote his own commentary to appear with the two classical ones and provided a wealth of explanatory notes. Twelve typesetters had to be used to help readers sort out the various categories of material.

Once the first Babylonian volume appeared in 1967, opposition among the ultra-Orthodox melted away. Today most Israelis agree with Hebrew University's Shmuel Shilo: "You can now read the Talmud the way any book is read. It is now a popular work." The director of the pluralistic World Union of Jewish Students, Daniel Yosef, says that "Steinsaltz has taken the study of the Talmud out from behind the closed doors of the yeshiva and given it to all of us."

In frail health this spleen was removed in 1980. Steinsaltz nonetheless puts in days of 16 hours or more, much of them at the word processor, where he uses software he designed for handling Hebrew. Working in an old stone house near his Jerusalem apartment, where he lives with his psychologist wife and three children, he is helped by a devoted, low-paid group of 15 to 18 disciples. On the side, he has written everything from a detective novel to a celebrated work of mystical thought. *The Thirteen Petalled Rose*. Steinsaltz also presides over two synagogues and two yeshivas and is a popular lecturer and radio speaker. "He is good at everything but raising money," laments one New York City supporter of the Talmud project. "Every time I bring a potential donor, he goes for the man's soul, not his pocket."

The Steinsaltz Jerusalem Talmud, begun in 1976, is likely to prove even more important than the Babylonian, since the text has never before been available with a satisfactory commentary. To make the notorious Jerusalem passages readable, Steinsaltz is interpolating words into the text, marking additions in a lighter typeface so readers can discern the original. He has no idea how long it will take to finish the Jerusalem version. There are many sources of information on the Babylonian, he explains, but "with the Jerusalem I am almost alone." But then, Steinsaltz is almost unique as well. —*By Richard M. Ostling, Reported by Martin Levin/Jerusalem*

Books

The Poet As a Young Corpse

CHATTERTON by Peter Ackroyd; Grove; 234 pages; \$17.95

THE FAMILY ROMANCE OF THE IMPOSTOR-POET THOMAS CHATTERTON by Louise J. Kaplan; Atheneum; 301 pages; \$24.95

Encouraged by applause, the teenage performer runs off to the big city. But his early popularity vanishes as quickly as it arrived. Increasingly isolated and destitute, he takes a chemical overdose and dies before his 18th birthday. Only then is his talent recognized.

This prototype of the self-annihilating artist seems yet another casualty of the rock culture; in fact, Thomas Chatterton perished in a London garret in 1770. Pondering the tragedy, William Wordsworth labeled him "the marvellous boy," and Samuel Johnson burred, "It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things." Not all the appraisal was so rhapsodic. Horace Walpole called Chatterton "an instance that a complete genius and a complete rogue can be formed before a man is of age." Genius because Chatterton's verses were so prodigious, rogue because the young poet once wrote in an archaic style, artificially aged the paper, then claimed to have discovered the works of a bogus 15th century monk.

Ambition and false identity, suicide and posthumous fame: these are the ingredients of high romance, and it is no wonder that investigators periodically ransack the material of Chatterton's brief career. The latest is Briton Peter Ackroyd, 38, biographer of T.S. Eliot and a novelist who specializes in the blending of history and imagination. In *Hawke-moor* he shuttled between the 18th century and the present. *Chatterton* ventures deeper into the time warp. It unfolds in contemporary England, concludes in the late 1700s and dallies in the Victorian epoch when an artist named Henry Wallis painted a dramatic portrait, now in the Tate Gallery, of the poet as a young corpse. The model for Chatterton was also an apprentice writer: George Meredith. Not long afterward, Wallis ran off with Meredith's wife Mary Ellen.

This tumult of passion, literature and coincidence belongs in the Dickensian

tradition, and so does Ackroyd. The protagonist of his crowded and exuberant novel is another cursed poet, Charles Wychwood. One afternoon he comes across an old painting showing the marvellous boy as a middle-aged man. Curious, he begins to pore over some obscure manuscripts. They suggest that Chatterton faked his early death, then continued to write more verse under more assumed names, among them William Blake and Thomas Gray. "The greatest plagiarist in history?" inquires a colleague. "Not!" Wychwood argues. "He was the greatest poet in history!"

Or the greatest con artist. Throughout the narrative, nothing is as it seems. Wychwood's employer is an author who, it turns out, has plagiarized her books. His wife works for an art gallery where the paintings are palpable forgeries. Meanwhile, as the narrative flashes forward

and back, parallel lies are occurring in other times and places. Meredith is being deceived; so are those who subscribe to the Chatterton myth.

Ackroyd sometimes overstates his satire of scholarship and art—Chatterton's death by poison comes not out of despair but in the hope of finding a cure for the clap. Yet the poet himself is a poignant re-creation, and the supporting cast of irrepressible eccentrics might have tumbled from a chapter of *Pickwick Papers*. On a train, Wychwood literally devours a novel, rolling the pages into balls and popping them into his mouth.

But fate has added an even more bizarre twist to the story of the poet's death and afterlife. Ackroyd is cited in a new nonfiction work, *The Family Romance of the Impostor-Poet Thomas Chatterton*, by Psychologist Louise J. Kaplan. Examining the causes of plagiarism, she quotes Eliot's biographer: "As Ackroyd says, there is a 'continual oscillation between what is remembered and what is introduced, the movement of other poets' words just below the surface of his own.'"

So, just as Meredith plays a part in Ackroyd's book about Chatterton, Ackroyd has a walk-on in Kaplan's. If the accretion of historical detail were all, this

would be a superlative evocation of the England of George III. But Kaplan's aim is psychobiography, and her narrative attempts to press a free spirit into a Freudian mold. She rings in a psychoanalyst to testify on mind and motive: "Those who have not been able to project their Ego Ideal onto their father... grant themselves their missing identity by different means, creation being one among others. The work thus created will symbolize the phallus, the gap in the identity being likened to castration."

This is not conscious comedy, but at times its humor surpasses anything in Ackroyd's far more appealing and sympathetic work. Yet each author provides the same service: turning the reader back to the damned youth who wrote, "Since all my Vices magnify'd are here, / She cannot paint me worse than I appear." When raving in the Lunacy of ink, "I catch the Pen and publish what I think." A ghostly presence hovers over both books, and the sound it emits is the ringing echo of the last laugh. —By Stefan Kanfer



George Meredith as Thomas Chatterton in Henry Wallis' 1856 painting

Excerpt

“It was with a kind of pity that Wallis looked at the face of Meredith, which had become the face of Chatterton in death—not pity for himself at finishing the work, but pity for the thing he had created. This garret he had painted had become an emblem of the world—a world of darkness, the papers scattered across the floor its literature... the extinguished candle its source of light and heat. He had not realised until now that this was his true vision. But then he laughed out loud at his own sorrow: this was his triumph, after all. This was his unique creation. Neither he nor Chatterton could now wholly die. —Chatterton”

Books

Machiavellian

LIKE THE SOLDIER

by Merle Miller

Putnam; 859 pages; \$24.95

The first time Dwight Eisenhower met General Bernard Law Montgomery in 1942, the irascible British commander outranked the American newcomer and made no secret of his feelings on the matter. Required to give Eisenhower a briefing, he arrived very late and said, "I'm sorry I'm late, but I really shouldn't have come at all." While Montgomery approached a wall map with his pointer, Eisenhower lit a cigarette. Without turning around, Montgomery stopped his briefing and demanded, "Who's smoking?"

"I am, sir," said Eisenhower.

"Stop it," said Montgomery, still not turning around. "I don't permit it here."

Eisenhower flushed deeply but said nothing as he snuffed out his cigarette.

That was an example of how he learned to get along with the British.

Merle Miller, who died shortly after finishing this mammoth book last year, achieved his greatest success with his oral biographies of Presidents Truman and Johnson. He obviously knows a good story, and he admires his hero. Though a number of Eisenhower's fellow commanders in World War II regarded him mainly as an international "board chairman," Miller, himself a combat correspondent for *Yank*, sees Eisenhower as a consummate politician and diplomat whose mixture of heartiness, cunning and charm helped hold together a fragile military coalition. "He was most complex," Miller writes. "Dwight Eisenhower could and did outsmart, outthink, outmaneuver, outgovern, and outcommand almost anybody you'd care to name, including Winston Churchill, Charles de Gaulle, and yes, even Franklin Roosevelt. I don't know that he ever read Niccolò Machiavelli or La Rochefoucauld, but he practiced what they preached."

These were skills that later served Eisenhower well in the White House, but Miller believes he learned them all in the Army. Even his bumbling incoherence at press conferences was a trick that West Point cadets called "bugling," using many words to say very little; as a general, his written orders and instructions were clear and forceful.

Miller writes as though his view represents some kind of radical reassessment. That may have been so for a liberal like Miller, but his judgment is actually coming to be pretty much the conventional wisdom. History has been kind to Dwight Eisenhower, virtually reversing Mark Antony's declaration that the evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones. All but forgotten now is the Eisenhower who spent much of his presidency playing bridge and golf, who collected handsome presents from rich



Eisenhower: history has been kind

friends, who presided over an era that is still synonymous with complacency and sloth. The same amnesia covers many of his policies. Forgotten, too, is the Eisenhower who was reluctant to enforce the Supreme Court's desegregation decisions, who would not stand up to Senator McCarthy or oppose the spread of blacklisting, who bequeathed Richard Nixon to the country. Just about all that history remembers is a patriotic soldier who kept America prosperous and at peace. And that, the triumph of the image Eisenhower developed during his Army years, is perhaps just as it should be.

—By Otto Friedrich

Sleazy Street

AFOOT IN A FIELD OF MEN

by Pat Ellis Taylor

Atlantic Monthly Press

166 pages; \$6.95

With a haircut, a couple of breath mints, and wearing its job-hunting clothes, this bluesy ramble about being down but not quite out in Texas might pass as the loosest-jointed novel in years. As things are, call it a collection of related



Taylor: \$50 ahead of perdition

stories, some short, some tall, and some too lackadaisical to stand up and be measured. Good stuff, anyway, whose major virtue is that it is extraordinarily lifelike. Which is to say, messy, disorganized, contrary, repetitious, tacky, funny, if you are in the mood for that sort of thing—and in need of laundering.

The narrator and central figure, who has the same name as the author, is weak on men and money, strong on children and survival. She is 40 or so and a fierce lover of her layabout poet Leo, a cashiered college professor. She wants to write and also likes to smoke a little dope. In the meantime, she keeps the necessary \$50 ahead of perdition (banked under the rug of the one-room roach farm she shares with Leo and her grown son Morgani) by soldiering for an office-temporarys outfit.

She is a curious watcher of her own slightly out-of-focus life, preserved from the swamps of resentment and depression by mild fatalism and the occasional joint. Episodes are sifted and examined, but not retailed as anecdotes. Some really are conventional stories, or nearly so, with shape and some sort of resolution. Two or three are wholly shapeless, like twelve months out of twelve in the real world. The narrator meets a renowned Indian healer named Rolling Thunder, and nothing happens, then a crazed and menacing religious cultist, and nothing happens again. Even when the narrator's brain-dazed brother, an outlaw biker, kills a man in a brawl—something happens here, certainly—the fact comes out only as an aside, as part of a moody, troubling description of his skirmish with a bored psychiatrist at a VA hospital. The author's sound instinct is to play against the dramatic. There is no resolution of the brother's predicament. You are missing the point if you try to watch one chunk of carrot in the roil of this Sleazy Street stew (the phrase is from a country-funk song lyric in praise of downward mobility: "It's coffee in the pot and a dirty sugar spoon—it's towels on the floor of a dirty bathroom—and a smell like me and a smell like you" all mixed together in a Sleazy Street stew).

Leo the poet gets disgusted and leaves, comes back, then leaves again. You can't blame him. Pat, as she admits, is overplaying her role of Mother Courage as Kelly Girl. Not only does she now have her own three children living with her, she has also taken in Pauline, who has five kids and a pregnant German shepherd. Chaos, at least. And lurking about Pauline are a violent estranged husband and a homicidal ex-husband. This, furthermore, is not the book's Act II, in which the plot is supposed to get complicated; it is Act III, when everything is supposed to settle down and make sense.

Will it all end serenely? Of course not. Will Leo resurface, maybe to have another birthday party with Pat and Morgani, all bivouacking in their tiny van parked at a curb in Austin, living happily ever after or until arrested for loitering, whichever comes first? Hope so.

—By John Skow

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Video

Back on the March at CBS News

New shows and rising ratings make the network feel good again

Even Aaron Altman, the hapless network correspondent in *Broadcast News*, could not have imagined a worse nightmare than the one that befell CBS on Sept. 11. The news division had already weathered a truly awful year of layoffs, dissension and drooping ratings. Then, on that memorable Friday, network technicians switched to a studio in Miami for the *CBS Evening News with Dan Rather*, only to find an anchor chair without Dan Rather. He had left the set minutes before, miffed that coverage of a U.S. Open tennis match was running over. The result was an unprecedented six minutes of empty air time. The black screen was a humiliating symbol for TV's most troubled news division. But it turns out to have marked a nadir followed by a swift and surprising turnaround.

Just four months later, activity and spirits at CBS News are higher than they have been since Laurence Tisch took control of the company 16 months ago. Rather's disappearing act was followed almost immediately by an upsurge in the *Evening News* ratings, courtesy of a September change in measuring the audience. In late November the low-rated *Morning Program*, an empty-calorie concoction that replaced the *CBS Morning News*, was canceled after 10½ months, and its time period was given back to the news division. Next week the network will introduce an ambitious new documentary series, *48 Hours*. Added to *60 Minutes* and *West 57th*, that will give CBS three full hours of news programming in prime time—more than any other network present or past.

"We have gone from defense to offense," says David Corvo, executive producer of the new *CBS This Morning*, "from reductions to production." The manic rebound from depression has its ironies: after laying off 230 news staffers last year, the network has now added more than 100 to handle the increased programming. Cynical insiders note that the departed have been replaced by less expensive newcomers: "Produceettes, we call them," says one survivor. Tisch sees the renewed signs of life as proof that his cost cutting was justified. "It was painful," he says, "but we've come out stronger for it."

Perhaps so. *48 Hours*, which will air Tuesdays at 8 p.m. EST, could be the most innovative prime-time news series since *60 Minutes* debuted in 1968. The show will focus on a single subject each week, with all shooting done in a two-day period and much of it presented in raw chunks with minimum narration. For an upcoming

hour on the city of Miami, for example, CBS cameras follow, among others, a Latin real estate agent tooling around town in his limousine and drug agents fruitlessly combing a suspected smuggler's boat. "The aim," says Executive Producer Andrew Heyward, "is to let the viewer experience the story firsthand as it unfolds, the way reporters do."

Other segments in preparation include looks at a big-city airport (Denver's Stapleton) and a hospital (Dallas' Parkland Memorial). But the producers intend to be flexible enough to switch at the last minute from a scheduled show to one covering a ma-

nomious third place. Then the A.C. Nielsen Co. converted to its new people-meter system in which participants punch buttons rather than fill out diaries to record their viewing), and the program jumped back up to No. 1. Rather, who on the air showed the stress of troubled times, appears reinvigorated and relaxed, and the show has an attractive new set and swelling theme music. In an effort to give the newscast a further boost, correspondents from *60 Minutes* will start showing up for weekly stints as analysts; Mike Wallace is set for this week.

Despite the latest happy twist in CBS News' running soap opera, staffers remain wary. "The general mood is up," reports one producer, "but there is a glimmer of concern as to how sincere this all is, or how permanent." Though the jazzy magazine program *West 57th* has survived its harshest critics and done some



Rather, Heyward and Stringer at work on *48 Hours* and, inset, new a.m.-show logo

In the down-and-up saga, an adrenaline surge is blotting out memories of the nadir.

jour breaking story. With Rather as anchor and a full-time staff of 48 (no fooling), *48 Hours* has already given the whole news staff an "adrenaline surge," says News President Howard Stringer.

While *48 Hours* seeks to break new ground, *CBS This Morning* is merely trying to recapture lost territory. After the embarrassing *Morning Program*, the new show has been a welcome addition just by looking normal. Though it is still fishing for its personality, Co-Anchors Kathleen Sullivan and Harry Smith are smooth and genuine (he more than she). The news content is relatively high, the tone comfortably mellow and the audience slightly larger. The chief problem: luring star-caliber guests away from the more popular *Today* and *Good Morning America*.

The *CBS Evening News*, meanwhile, is enjoying its ratings windfall. Last summer TV's former No. 1 newscast fell to an ig-

solid journalism, its ratings on Saturday night remain low. *48 Hours* will have a similarly tough job winning viewers in its difficult Tuesday slot. CBS, in a tight race with ABC for second place in the prime-time ratings, will find it hard to stick with the shows if no one tunes in.

But news hours cost only \$500,000 or so, less than 60% of a typical entertainment show. And in the increasingly bruising TV environment, network executives are anxious to stress what they believe cable and other competitors cannot match—CBS's news prowess. "We just can't think of every program in terms of dollars and cents," says Tisch. "Hit programs come and go, but CBS News is an institution that I hope is going to be here for the next 100 years." Aaron Altman—or Edward R. Murrow—could hardly quarrel with that.

—By Richard Zoglin.
Reported by Naushad S. Mehta/New York

Cinema



Fun couples: Reynolds and Minnelli in *Rent-a-Cop*, Ringwald and Batinkoff in *For Keeps*?



Nights of the Falling Stars

Some familiar faces try to rediscover their old box-office magic

Remember the 1980s? They had movie stars then. Burt Reynolds was the hot-shot hero with a good ole boy's heart. Richard Pryor was the clown who mined laughter from his own black rage. Molly Ringwald was the teen queen who knew that growing pains could hurt like an all-over, seven-year toothache.

By 1987, though, things had changed: shooting stars can be falling stars too. And sometimes audiences can get along very nicely without stars at all. Only three of the year's ten top box-office hits could be called star vehicles, and each of them fronted a performer who seemed a corrupted form of one of the earlier models. Arnold Schwarzenegger in *Predator*: instead of an amiable hunk like Reynolds,

an incredible hulk, muscle-bound and soul-bare—Robo-star. Eddie Murphy in *Beverly Hills Cop II*: instead of the wailing bantam Pryor, a strutting rooster, increasingly aloof from his genial gifts. Michael J. Fox in *The Secret of My Success*: instead of the teen queen, a yuppie pup, too eager to make it, too hungry to charm. He was a scrubbed-up version of the rich preppy Ringwald usually ditched in the last reel.

Meanwhile, Reynolds and Pryor kept making movies, but no one paid much attention. (Remember *Malone*? *Critical Condition*?) Reynolds occupied himself as director at his dinner theater in Jupiter, Fla., and as executive producer of the TV game show *Win, Lose or Draw*. Pryor retreated into the shadows of his fading ce-

lebrity. Both stars made bigger news appearing with Johnny Carson or Barbara Walters to refute stories that they were ill with AIDS. Ringwald switched mentors, leaving John Hughes, who had made her a star with *Sixteen Candles* and *Pretty in Pink*, for Warren Beatty. It didn't work. Their film, *The Pick-Up Artist*, was the *Ishtar* of youth comedies: better than its rep, but still a resounding flop.

And now that the big Christmas films have made their mint, each of these former reliables tiptoes into town with a new movie designed not to stir a sensation but to fill booking dates. Pryor's film, *Moving*, is a comedy about a mass-transit engineer who loses his job, relocates to the Idaho ruburbs and declares war on his "neighbor from hell" (Randy Quaid). Among the cast are *Saturday Night Live*'s Dana Carvey, *SCTV*'s Dave Thomas and the World Wrestling Federation's King Kong Bundy. Behind the camera is Alan Metter, who directed Rodney Dangerfield's 1986 hit *Back to School*. Since *Moving* was unavailable for screening last week, we can only wish Pryor good luck. Reynolds and Ringwald, though, may need the power of prayer. Their new pictures, *Rent-a-Cop* and *For Keeps*, indicate that these engaging stars face a tough battle to win back their old fans.

Reynolds has gone back to basics. He played a policeman on TV's *Hawk* and *Dan August* and in the films *Hustle* and *Sharkey's Machine*. In *Rent-a-Cop*, he is Church, a good detective in bad odor because of a fatally botched drug bust. There's a psychopath (James Remar, all hollow-eyed menace) on the loose, and only a chatty tart (Liza Minnelli) to lead Church to the killer. While Minnelli wears earrings the size of headlights and puts way too much spin on every line of dialogue, Reynolds relaxes into his role. He has become the Perry Como of action-movie stars, never wasting a motion or spending emotion. As written by Dennis Shryack and Michael Blodgett and direct-

Up, Up and Away

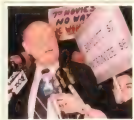
How high is up? It might be better to ask how high movie ticket prices can rise, because the sky seems to be the limit. In December two theater chains raised prices from \$6 to \$7 at 48 screens in Manhattan. That follows a jump from \$5 (or \$5.50) to \$6 in the spring of 1985 and means New Yorkers are paying perhaps 40% more than they were 2½ years ago for their Saturday night at the movies.

So far, the fare hikes have been confined to the Big Apple. Cineplex Odeon, the Canadian-based chain that first raised the tariff, claims it has no plans to boost prices at its 1,614 other screens in North America. In Hollywood, as well as in Washington, Boston and Chicago, \$6 is still tops, while \$5.50 gets you through the door in Houston, and \$5 is the limit in Atlanta and Cleveland. But Gordon Crawford, a California entertainment analyst, predicts that by the end of 1988 fans in Los Angeles will be paying \$7. Some Angelenos seem san-

guine at the prospect. "Movies are better than ever," says Bob Singer, 32, standing in line for *Moonstruck*, "and I don't mind paying more for a better product. So why don't they

just reduce the price of popcorn a dollar and call it even?"

New York's Mayor Edward Koch wants to call it quits. He stood in front of two East Side cinemas last week, yelling "Scab!" at those who were bold enough to pay the admission. Nobody listened. *Broadcast News* was a sellout and *Nuts* was not. The message: people pay to see the films they want to see—and can't be paid to see the others. Indeed, the mayor broke his own boycott to see *Ironweed*, which, he complained to *Variety* afterward, "wasn't even worth \$5." ■



New York's Mayor Koch

ed by Jerry London. *Rent-a-Cop* rarely rouses itself beyond cliché: it looks content to mark time (ill) it hits the less-demanding venue of pay cable. This is the kind of no-frills, no-surprises movie that a box-office champ could coast on, but that greases an ex-champ's skids.

For Keeps?—or *Molly Ringwald Gets Pregnant*—tries much harder. The movie juggles conflicting moods and humors in its tale of two high school seniors who must face every parenting crisis before they are old enough to vote. Darcy (Ringwald) and Stan (Randall Batinkoff) are bright, sensitive teens—he wants to be an architect; she's a fledgling journalist—with a romantic sense as high as their SAT scores. On a weekend camping trip, Stan serves Darcy wine out of a thermos, toasts "Here's to forever" and gazes up with her at the stars through the plastic skylight of the tent he's designed. But when the unexpected baby boom comes, Stan is flummoxed: "Maybe we could put it up for adoption?" And when he determines to keep the child, his father (Kenneth Mars) reminds him: "You had a gerbil last year. You forgot to feed it. It died."

Though Screenwriters Tim Kazurinsky and Denise DeClue try hard to play fair, *For Keeps?* still trumpets a tattered teen-movie message that only the young think clearly and feel deeply. Darcy's mom (Miriam Flynn) does get to display some wistful despair—"Sooner or later, everybody leaves," she says, referring to family and pals as well as lovers. "That's what love's all about"—but in general she is a snooty shrew. Director John G. Avildsen (*U2 Rattle and Roll*) relies mostly on his young star to bring passion and balance to the piece. And Ringwald, in a hospital scene with her mom, proves she can still deliver the best movie tantrums since Margaret O'Brien hit puberty. It is possible that this *Two Kids and a Baby* will win audiences who went for last year's flock of natal-attraction movies. But Molly Ringwald still has to wonder: Will they love me for keeps the way they did when I was in the *Pink*?

—By Richard Corliss



Fowl play: Daffy meets a se-duck-tress who needs some exorcise in *The Duxorcist*

Daffy's Back

A cartoon legend shines again

Talk about your comebacks. This character was a star from the moment he was hatched in 1937. Through every comic humiliation that befell him—whether getting vamped by a transvestite rabbit or fricasseed by an irate hunter—he displayed the bravura resilience of a born loser. This master thespian could play an existential hero (*Duck Amuck*), a base canard (*You Ought to Be in Pictures*), a hard-breathing hoover (*Show Biz Bugs*) or a World War II draft dodger (*Draftee Daffy*). Willy farceur, dynamite showman, he made 126 pictures before retiring in 1968. For years he could be seen only on kiddie TV shows or—oh, the ignominy of it all!—commercials. But now he has returned, pretty much in triumph, to the big screen. *Daffy Duck in The Duxorcist*. Wow!

Daffy was not real, of course—just a sheaf of drawings flipped past the eye at 24 frames per second. But the comic artistry of such directors as Chuck Jones and Bob Clampett made Daffy and the other

denizens of the Warner Bros. cartoon barnyard seem as vivid as Sly Stallone and twice as funny. They surely seemed so to Greg Ford, a scholar-evangelist who has mounted cartoon retrospectives at museums and revival houses. Last year Warners hired him and Animator Terry Lennon to write and direct the little black duck's comeback vehicle, a 7 min. 41 sec. parody of *The Exorcist* and *Ghostbusters*.

GHOUS IT US reads the legend on Daffy's office window. He's just the spook sleuth to help a comely se-duck-tress who needs some exorcise. There are homages aplenty to the old cartoons—lascivious bulging eyes, deft wordplay (in pig Latin) and that bizarre sound effect that suggests a gargoyling—and laughs aseasonal. The pace lags in spots, but any lulls allow the viewer to savor the glory of full, hand-drawn animation. And Daffy is as raffish as ever, talking like Freud or stalking like Groucho. At the end, three ghostly Shmoos chase Daffy down the street as his exorcised client draws a warm. "Y'all come back now, y'hear?" Anyone who grew up on Warners cartoons is likely to say the same to Ford, Lennon and their wondrous little Daffy *redux*.

—R.C.

Milestones

AILING. *Nora Astorga*, 41, Nicaragua's Ambassador to the U.N., with cancer: in Managua. She became a heroine of the Sandinista revolution in 1978 when she lured General Reynaldo Pérez Vega, a close adviser to Nicaraguan Dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle, to her bedroom, where his throat was cut by assailants.

HOSPITALIZED. *Mike Mansfield*, 84, U.S. Ambassador to Japan since 1977, former Democratic Senator from Montana and majority leader from 1961 to 1977: for coronary bypass surgery, in Washington. The venerable diplomat is the longest-serving U.S. envoy to Japan.

DIED. *Pete Maravich*, 40, Hall of Fame basketball guard who set college scoring records; of heart disease, while playing a

pickup game, in Pasadena, Calif. Dubbed "Pistol Pete," Maravich set the N.C.A.A. scoring record of 3,667 points, at Louisiana State University from 1967 to 1970. In his ten-year N.B.A. career he played for the Atlanta Hawks, New Orleans (later Utah) Jazz and Boston Celtics. After retiring in 1980, Maravich became a health enthusiast and a born-again Christian. His final words before being stricken: "I'm really feeling good."

DIED. *Trevor Howard*, 71, craggy-faced British actor who lent an air of authority to more than 70 films: of influenza and bronchitis, in Bushey, England. Howard's career began with a succession of romantic roles, most memorably as the lovesick doctor in David Lean's bittersweet *Brief Encounter*. His later

parts included that of the sensible British Major Calloway in Graham Greene's classic thriller *The Third Man*. In the 1962 remake of *Mutiny on the Bounty* he portrayed the dictatorial Captain William Bligh opposite Marlon Brando's Fletcher Christian. Said Howard of his craft: "I'm happiest when I'm working. It's where my mates are."

DIED. *Gaston Eyskens*, 82, former Belgian Prime Minister who led five governments in the period from 1949 to 1972: in Louvain, Belgium. Eyskens headed the government that in 1960 ceded independence to the Belgian Congo, now Zaire. In the 1970s his governing coalition revised the constitution to allow more cultural and economic autonomy for the nation's Flemish- and French-speaking areas.

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People

When oil prices plummeted a few years back, a lot of Texans felt the friction. Now even some of the state's wealthiest citizens are coming up dry. In Houston, renowned Heart Surgeon **Denton Cooley**, 67, is nearly down to his Dr. Dentons. The transplant spe-



Broke: John Connally in Texas

cialist, whose real estate empire collapsed, filed for bankruptcy last week: he owes creditors \$99.4 million. Also in Houston, former Texas Governor **John Connally**, 70, is planning a Texas-size garage sale. "It's not easy to see your possessions of a lifetime headed for an auction," he told reporters. Connally, who likewise lost his shirt in real estate, has already sold off two homes and herds of cattle and quarter horses to pay creditors. The auction next week, expected to raise \$2 million to \$3 million, includes paintings, antique furniture, china (14 sets), personalized saddles and even his brass nameplate from the Governor's office. Muses the upbeat former Governor: "It's not a sin to be rich anymore—it's a miracle!"

After 27 years of pumping out hits, from *Proud Mary* to *Private Dancer*, America's most aerobic rocker wants to hang up her high heels

and miniskirt. "I'm tired of singing," declared **Tina Turner**, 48, at a press conference in Rio de Janeiro. "I want to do some talking." Specifically, Turner plans to build on a film career that has so far featured roles in *Tommy* and *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*. At the moment, though, she is still stirring them up on her sold-out world tour. Last week in Buenos Aires, exuberant fans broke a few rules too many: over 100 were arrested for disorderly conduct and drunkenness. Between dates, the tornadoic Turner found time for an energetic samba. How do Latin rhythms compare with rock 'n' roll? "Hot," she huffed.

January is the traditional month for pundits to single out the best and worst of the previous year. But what about the ho-hum and in-between? The Colorado-based Millard Fillmore Society, a group of 300-odd—very odd—underachievers who honor the so-so spirit of the 13th President, last week announced its annual awards. The 1987 Medal of Mediocrity went to Televangelists **Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker**, who were cited for their "life after death." And, although he's riding high in the Iowa polls, Senator **Gary Hart** was given the society's Blazing Saddle Award with a special Cowpie Cluster for his political blunders. Alas, Society Vice President Phil Arkow pronounces

Revved up in Rio: Tina Turner gives the samba a twirl during her South American tour



Changing stripes: Jack Clark, left, with Yankee Manager Lou Pinella

1987 to have been a lackluster year for mediocrity. This year, he hopes, will be more middle-of-the-road.

After a two-season chill on paying free-agent players whopping salaries, baseball teams are once again swinging with their checkbooks. Leading the American League: the New York Yankees, who have signed former St. Louis Cardinal Slugger **Jack Clark**, 32, to a two-year package that could be worth as much as \$4 million. Says the laconic Clark, who has swatted 229 homers in 13 seasons: "I'm coming over here to do some hitting." New York's National League Mets are also pleased by the deal—

Clark's absence will weaken rival St. Louis. Says Met First Baseman **Keith Hernandez**: "It makes the thoughts of a subway series even that much more possible." Save those to-kens, Keith.

Jerry Rubin has left for Wall Street. **Timothy Leary** has joined the lecture circuit, and last week another counterculture hero stepped down from the barricades. Still sporting pigtails, American Indian Movement Activist **Russell Means**, 48, declared that AIM, the organization he helped found two decades ago, had "worked itself out of a job." Said Means: "We have turned around from a people totally

decimated to a people who are flexing their sovereign muscles." Means, an Oglala Sioux, started flexing in 1973 when he led the uprising of hundreds of Indians on a reservation in Wounded Knee, S. Dak. He spent a year in prison for rioting and later re-emerged as a candidate for Vice President on a ticket with *Hustler* Magazine Mogul **Larry Flynt**. The next chapter? He plans to spend more time at home on the Arizona Navajo reservation promoting Indian business and language programs and completing his autobiography, titled *Where White Men Fear to Tread*. —By J.D. Reed

Living

Welcome Back to Viet Nam

Returning natives and vets are booking package tours

Since last April, several hundred Americans have picked an unlikely vacation spot: Viet Nam. Among the travelers on one recent package tour was Paul Witeman, TIME's San Francisco bureau chief. A report on his adventures follows:

The photos in the travel brochure promise exotic scenes of rare beauty: coarse sand beaches curve seamlessly toward the horizon; delicate, silk-draped women smile alluringly. But upon landing at an eerily empty Tan Son Nhut airport, there is no escaping the stark reminders of conflicts past: the olive-drab Chinook helicopters, C-130s and C-47s lie cheek by cowl off the tarmac. This is no Club Med. This, ladies and gentlemen, is the Socialist Republic of Viet Nam, a recent and tentative entrant in the lucrative global sweepstakes known as the tourist industry.

A trip to Viet Nam is not for everyone. But for those who choose to go, there are infrequent flights from San Francisco on Philippine Airlines. Others may trickle in via Bangkok. "The business is there," says Fred Lemnitzer, the airline's tour and promotions manager in the U.S. "We fought the French and they visit," observes Tour Guide Nguyen Viet Hai of the government tourism office in Saigon. "Why not the Americans?"

The mix of intrepid voyagers usually includes returning U.S. veterans and nat-



First trip home: Tran Thi Thuc of Kalamazoo, Mich., who left her native land in 1975, explores the

uralized American citizens, born in Viet Nam. "It's nice, flying into Saigon, not having to sit on a flak jacket," says Bob Handy, 55, of Santa Barbara, Calif., who served a year in Chu Lai with the Marines. "I'm going back because it's a beautiful country." Like most of her fellow Vietnamese-born travelers, Tran Thi Thuc, 49, a health-care worker from Kalamazoo, Mich., was hoping to visit relatives. "I have not seen my mother since 1975," she says, recalling a hasty departure with her husband and two children the week before Saigon's collapse. Tearful reunions outside the terminal at Tan Son Nhut now occur regularly, although many returning Vietnamese are nervous about how they will be received. Manila-based Tour Operator Johnathan Nguyen, a naturalized American, offers reassurances. "Overseas Vietnamese, welcome back," he exclaims at a briefing session during a stopover in the Philippines. "You will be treated like a king with your dollars."

Nguyen's highly organized tours, planned with the enthusiastic cooperation of the Hanoi government, begin in teeming Saigon. Arriving there in the "high season"—the relatively dry period from November to May—can pose a few logistical problems. Travelers from the Soviet Union and East bloc countries, seeking a winter refuge, come in droves. As current allies, they have the clout to book the downtown hotels, while Americans are often relegated to the Tan Binh, a tedious, hour-long pedicab ride from downtown's central market. Among the scant diversions of the place: tasty, small loaves of French bread, pint bottles of dreadful Vietnamese vodka and a nearby tennis club. For a pack of American cigarettes, the local pro will cheerfully run you into a puddle of perspiration on the single cement court.

With a little luck, even Americans may find themselves a spot at one of five downtown hotels that the Vietnamese generously rank as first class. The old Saigon Palace on Nguyen Hue Street may be the best of the lot, but guests must still share the "sunny terrace" on the hotel rooftop with brown rats the size of squirrels. Consequently, one does not tarry romantically over cocktails.

Fortunately, the charms of Saigon are not the country's only attractions. The one-week tour features a day-trip to Cu Chi, site of a war museum, two days at the beach resort of Nha Trang and an excursion to the former French hill station of Dalat. All this for \$2,000, including round-trip airfare from San Francisco. The two-week tour (\$3,000) adds stops at Danang, Hue, Hanoi, Haiphong and Ha Long Bay. Guides and transportation in a cramped van are part of the package, along with overnight accommodations in Manila.

Bicycles and billboards: the bustling scene near the central market in downtown Saigon





beaches near Nha Trang, on the South China Sea

At Cu Chi, an hour northwest of Saigon, government tour guides fire their only major barrage of propaganda. In a lecture complete with pointer and diagrams, Nguyen Viet Hai, 33, details how ingenious Viet Cong escaped detection by U.S. soldiers by hiding out in a network of narrow, subterranean tunnels. Next, visitors are invited to go below ground and taste the claustrophobic flavor of tunnel life for themselves. The guides hasten to point out that the passageways have been enlarged to accommodate Caucasian visitors. Before the group descends, Hai recites the tunnel dwellers' motto: "When you walk without footmarks, when you talk without a sound, when you cook without smoke, that is how you survive." After a few—interminable—minutes most visitors are eager for a peek at the sky. "I see the light at the end of the tunnel," says Kevin McKiernan, 43, of Santa Barbara, sardonically echoing the phrase from two decades earlier that became a derisive wartime cliché. As the van pulls away from the site, children born a decade after the last G.I. had packed his gear, run along behind, calling out in English, "Hey, Joe!"

For most of the group, the subsequent three-day excursion to Nha Trang and Dalat provides a calming change of pace. Route 1, the two-lane highway linking Saigon with Hanoi, dips toward and away from the South China Sea on its way 250 miles up the coast. The van passes through places remembered dimly as wartime datelines. Phan Thiet, Phan Rang and Cam Ranh Bay, now a Soviet naval base, appear then recede outside the van's windows. Frequent ambushes and well-placed mines rendered many sections of Route 1 impassable to U.S. forces and the French military before them.

Now a Manhattan-like roadscape of potholes and flooded-out bridges merely makes for fanny fatigue. Roaming chickens, dogs, cows, ducks, water buffalo and humans further obstruct the journey. Says Hai Kataoka, 36, of San Mateo, Calif.: "The horn is the most important accessory on this van."

After the tour group registers at the Thang Loi (victory) hotel in Nha Trang, a block from the sea, there are two days to body surf in the warm, gentle swells, drink coconut milk and eat traditional *lau* soup and spicy crab, as well as view the massive brick Cham temples dating from the 10th century. Following dinner, group activity generally ceases, allowing for solitary strolls or modest forays to local markets, where simple wood handicrafts and fresh fruit are available.

The climb from the coast through Ngoan Muc Pass brings travelers to a plateau strewn magnificently with poinsettia trees the size of small maples, all in bloom. A thousand varieties of orchid are said to grow in the province, and mimosa vines with delicate, mauve flowers climb innumerable trellises. At the 52-room Dalat Palace Hotel, completed in 1923, Headwaiter Hoang Van Tu serves meals, as he has since 1942 to the likes of Charles de Gaulle, Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu and even the Emperor, Bao Dai himself. There is nothing imperial about the hostelry today, but the mosquito netting hanging from the massive teak bed is skillfully patched and blessedly intact. A mile away horses graze near a sand trap on the golf course Americans designed and built for R. and R. sojourns in the '60s.

The gradual descent back to Saigon's heat is broken by a pause in Bao Loc to buy the renowned local tea and an unscheduled pit stop in a teak grove. The van with the small U.S. flag on the windshield startles villagers and city folk alike. Americans are a rare species in Viet Nam, and most are

mistakenly greeted in Russian by children and adults. But when the reply is "Nyet Lien-So, Mee" (Russian-Vietnamese pidgin for "Not Soviets, Americans"), Vietnamese, especially in the South, do happy double takes. This is in part due to an economy that once benefited mightily from a seemingly endless flow of dollars. "Before, there were many Americans and good tips," says one Saigon bartender who now makes the equivalent of \$10 a month. "Now with the Lien-So, there is only 'Thanks.'"

If the Vietnamese seem enthusiastic about American tourism, the U.S. Government is distinctly less so. Washington does not officially recognize the regime in Hanoi, and the Treasury Department enforces rules that hobble travelers and prevent tour operators from advertising. Members of the Vietnamese community in the U.S. may feel further discouraged from making a visit: supporters of Nguyen Cao Ky, former Viet President of South Viet Nam now in exile in California, insist that a trip to the homeland abets the enemy.

For those who are not discouraged by all this, there are other caveats. The wait for a visa to visit Viet Nam can be exasperatingly long, and doctors recommend an arm-numbing array of shots against typhoid, cholera, tetanus and diphtheria, as well as the weekly malaria pill while in-country. A few other words of advice are in order. Leave your preconceptions at home; pack instead medical supplies for most intestinal contingencies (don't drink the water, peel all the fruit) and a healthy tolerance for inconvenience (no toilet paper or light bulbs). Credit cards and traveler's checks are useless; leave home without them. Bring cash but not bundles. The maximum value of goods purchased to take home cannot exceed \$100, and there is little to buy. Viet Nam is a banquet primarily for the mind, richly sautéed in historical resonances. And despite those resonances, the reception is remarkably warm. ■



Examining a Viet Cong tunnel

Silence and solitude: a Buddhist monk prays at Saigon's elaborate Xa Loi pagoda



Essay

Pico Iyer

Of Weirdos and Eccentrics

Charles Waterton was just another typical eccentric. In his 80s the eminent country squire was to be seen clambering around the upper branches of an oak tree with what was aptly described as the agility of an "adolescent gorilla." The beloved 27th lord of Walton Hall also devoted his distinguished old age to scratching the back part of his head with his right big toe. Such displays of animal high spirits were not, however, confined to the gentleman's later years. When young, Waterton made four separate trips to South America, where he sought the wourali poison (a cure, he was convinced, for hydrophobia), and once spent months on end with one foot dangling from his hammock in the quixotic hope of having his toe sucked by a vampire bat.

James Warren Jones, by contrast, was something of a weirdo. As a boy in the casket-making town of Lynn, Ind., he used to conduct elaborate funeral services for dead pets. Later, as a struggling preacher, he went from door to door, in bow tie and tweed jacket, selling imported monkeys. After briefly fleeing to South America (a shelter, he believed, from an imminent nuclear holocaust), the man who regarded himself as a reincarnation of Lenin settled in Northern California and opened some convalescent homes. Then, one humid day in the jungles of Guyana, he ordered his followers to drink a Kool-Aid-like punch soured with cyanide. By the time the world arrived at Jonestown, 911 people were dead.

The difference between the eccentric and the weirdo is, in its way, the difference between a man with a teddy bear in his hand and a man with a gun. We are also, of course, besieged by other kinds of deviants—crackpots, oddballs, fanatics, quacks and cranks. But the weirdo and the eccentric define between them that invisible line at which strangeness acquires an edge and oddness becomes menace.

The difference between the two starts with the words themselves: eccentric, after all, carries a distinguished Latin pedigree that refers, quite reasonably, to anything that departs from the center; weird, by comparison, has its mongrel origins in the Old English *wyrd*, meaning fate or destiny; and the larger, darker forces conjured up by the term—*Macbeth's* weird sisters and the like—are given an extra twist with the slangy, bastard suffix -o. Beneath the linguistic roots, however, we feel the difference on our pulses. The eccentric we generally regard as something of a donny, dotty, harmless type, like the British peer who threw over his Cambridge fellowship in order to live in a bath. The weirdo is an altogether more shadowy figure—Charles Manson acting out his messianic visions. The eccentric is a distinctive presence; the weirdo something of an absence, who casts no reflection in society's mirror. The eccentric raises a smile; the weirdo leaves a chill.

All too often, though, the two terms are not so easily distinguished. Many a criminal trial, after all, revolves around precisely that gray area where the two begin to blur. Was Bernhard Goetz just a volatile Everyman, ourselves pushed to the limit, and then beyond? Or was he in fact an aberration? Often, besides, eccentrics may simply be weirdos in possession of a VIP pass, people rich enough or powerful

enough to live above convention, amoral as Greek gods. Elvis Presley could afford to pump bullets into silhouettes of humans and never count the cost. Lesser mortals, however, must find another kind of victim.

To some extent too, we tend to think of eccentricity as the prerogative, even the hallmark, of genius. And genius is its own vindication. Who cared that Glenn Gould sang along with the piano while playing Bach, so long as he played so beautifully? Even the Herculean debauches of Babe Ruth did not undermine so much as confirm his status as a legend.

Indeed, the unorthodox inflections of the exceptional can lead to all kinds of dangerous assumptions. If geniuses are out of the ordinary and psychopaths are out of the ordinary, then geniuses are psychopaths and vice versa, or so at least runs the reasoning of many dramatists who set their plays in loony bins. If the successful are often strange, then being strange is a way of becoming successful, or so believe all those would-be artists who work on eccentric poses. And

if celebrity is its own defense, then many a demagogue or criminal assures himself that he will ultimately be redeemed by the celebrity he covets.

All these distortions, however, ignore the most fundamental distinction of all: the eccentric is strange because he cares too little about society, the weirdo because he cares too much. The eccentric generally wants nothing more than his own attic-like space in which he can live by his own peculiar lights.

The weirdo, however, resents his outcast status and constantly seeks to get back into society, or at least get back at it. His is the rage not of the bachelor but the divorcee.

Thus the eccentric hardly cares if he is seen to be strange; that in a sense is what makes him strange. The weirdo, however, wants desperately to be taken as normal and struggles to keep his strangeness to himself. "He was always such a nice man," the neighbors ritually tell reporters after a sniper's rampage. "He always seemed so normal."

And because the two mark such different tangents to the norm, their incidence can, in its way, be an index of a society's health. The height of British eccentricity, for example, coincided with the height of British power, if only, perhaps, because Britain in its imperial heyday presented so strong a center from which to depart. Nowadays, with the empire gone and the center vanishing, Britain is more often associated with the maladjusted weirdo—the orange-haired misfit or the soccer hooligan.

At the other extreme, the relentless and ritualized normalcy of a society like Japan's—there are only four psychiatrists in all of Tokyo—can, to Western eyes, itself seem almost abnormal. Too few eccentrics can be as dangerous as too many weirdos. For in the end, eccentricity is a mark of confidence, accommodated best by a confident society, whereas weirdness inspires fear because it is a symptom of fear and uncertainty and rage. A society needs the eccentric as much as it needs a decorated frame for the portrait it fashions of itself; it needs the weirdo as much as it needs a hole punched through the middle of the canvas.



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